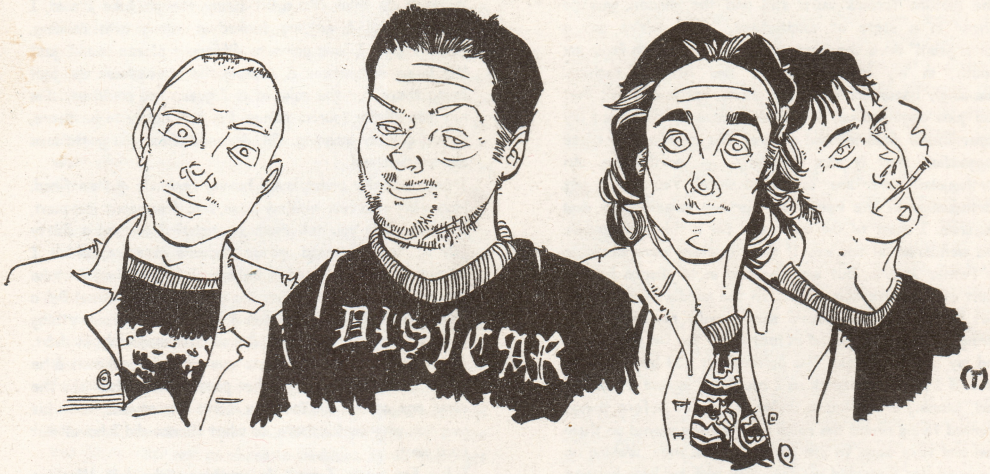
THIS IS BOSTON. NOT BOSTON.



AN UNHOLY AMALGAMATION OF GADGIE, INITONIT, ITCHY BUM, RUM LAD AND UGLYMAN PUNK ROCK FANZINES CELEBRATING 20 YEARS OF PUNK ROCK AT THE INDIAN QUEEN, BOSTON.

MARV'S INTRO

Now then Gadgie,

Fast asleep the other night right, there's me in bed, dead to the world. Something causes me to stir. The bed is shaking! Now, every time a great lorry drives past our abode there is a little tremor as it trundles laboriously over the intelligently placed speed bump in front of Gadgie towers, but this is a full on, Exorcist bed shaker! As I come to and notice the time on the clock is exactly 1.00 in the morning, the missus grabs my arm. It appears she is feeling the earth move too (quiet at the back!) and it's not a dream. For a good minute we lay there rattling around, the pictures on the wall jiggling about, the contents of the shelf on the far wall vibrating and the window frame dancing a merry jig. Just as I expected the wife's head to spin around 360° and pea soup to come streaming out of her mouth, it suddenly stopped. An eerie silence descended upon the room. The bed simply stopped. The picture frames were still and the window was no longer in a state of excitement. "Shit! We've got a poltergeist!" were the first words to burst forth from my mouth, in my usual reasoned and rational fashion. Seemingly unperturbed by the shake, rattle and roll that had just engulfed us, Mrs Gadgie casually dismissed my supernatural theories and uttered the unbelievably blasé suggestion that it was probably an earthquake. An earthquake? We live in Lincolnshire! You don't get earthquakes in the Fens! No! Further investigation was required. I went to the bathroom for a think and piddle and wondered on the way if Ghostbusters were available or Father Merrin, but was shocked in to silence by the sight of the bathroom scales! In the middle of the floor! Not behind the sink where they usually reside! A huge string arrangement sound effect went "De De Derrrrrrr" and my blood ran cold! The poltergoost had been in here as well! I piddled as quick as I could and legged it back to bed, jumping in and hiding under the duvet before things started flying round the room and records played on their own and toys came to life and stuff like that. Waking up the next day I regaled my poor wife with my hare brained theories of long dead evils being reawaked or the gates of Hell been opened or old hags curses, but she persisted in the real world explanation of an earthquake! "Oh yeah, well who moved the scales in the bathroom?" I said smugly. The smugly didn't last long mind as Charlie, our eight year old daughter wandered in and told us, right on cue, not that she had made friends with the people in the TV, but she had weighed herself and was getting bigger! A quick flick of the remote control and indeed it was true - all over the morning news were reports, not of a dark realm opening and casting it's spooky denizens loose, but of a bloody earthquake in Lincolnshire! I've never heard owt like it.

Here we go then: this is THIS IS BOSTON NOT BOSTON zine which is basically UGLYMANPUNKROCK 2, GADGIE 23 and whatever number Cookie got to with ITCHY BUM, but erm, plus one and some bits from others like Super Sophie and Paul INITONIT. We have talked of a split for yonks and with the twentieth anniversary of IQHC and basically the Boston Punk scene coming up in May 2008, the time seemed right to put together all the bits we had done in one big effort. Enjoy.

Up the Punks

Marv

DAN'S INTRO

Hello. I'm Dan & this is our zine. If I had to pigeonhole myself, I guess I'd say I'm a punk rocker. But I'm not really. That would imply I actually do something that changes the world [doesn't it?] & not just go to gigs & nod my head. I still live at home with my 'rents [how rock 'n roll is that!] & my sister Rach. They're not so bad though, although we do cross swords on a fairly regular basis, but it's all pretty soon forgotten about. I like football. I like drinking. I don't like being asked if "I've fucked 'er yet?" I think animals should be left to do whatever it is they do. That said my sister has a puppy, Kimi, who is wicked. I think she likes it here. I don't really care which is better, but if I had to pick, I like Vinyl. Sounds better. I like sitting on my own, but I can't do that all the time because people seem to like me, even though I talk to them like shit most of the time. I don't believe in Karma, God or any of that shit, because I try to be nice & I still end up losing. I do think it's a bit funny though. Like I said, I love football & getting fucked-up, along with reading, films & gigs. I love going to different places too. I just like being somewhere & soaking the atmosphere up, just being there for the sake of it I guess you could say. I'm not into all the tourist things, I'm just happy to be there, if you get my meaning. Oh, & sandwiches, you gotta love the sandwiches!

I am currently unemployed having recently gotten fired. Had a bit of a row with my boss, but if someone is a cunt, it's only right you tell them so, right? I worked a shitty job at family owned motor factors in town, which I despised like you wouldn't believe. I kind of had to take the job though, I'd been on the rock 'n roll for about 5 & a half months, been to Sweden & Ireland & sold everything I could bare to part with & was still massively in debt. The dream was over. My boss was a grumpy old cunt & he hated me & the one only other person there that was the same age as me. In fact, he didn't like anyone, even his own son who works there, so what chance did I have? But fuck work.

I live for music. I can't do anything without it. Washing up, driving, sleeping & everything else I do. It's my passion in life. I love the D-Beat. I'm also guilty of liking chart indie. In fact, if it's good I don't care. A load of my old smoking buddies were/are into drum & bass, hip-hop & all sorts & some of it I liked. But whatever.

I'm not big into going out [but I have to due to being a wreck-head] because people tend to bring me down, apart from the select few. It's sort of like that with most of the people at gigs too; I feel no affinity to most of the people in attendance. That's probably the reason why I feel like punk bands AREN'T preaching to the converted anymore, it's just a 'scene', people just want to be popular & are using the thing I need, to gain this popularity. It makes me angry & upset in equal measures. I sometimes say things at the wrong time & rub people up the wrong way, but I don't give a fuck. If I do, it's probably because I think you're a shit head & don't like you anyways. So there.

Anyways, that's pretty much all there is to me. It's not really going to follow any specific direction, just what I'm doing at the time when I do it. I make no apologies for my poor spelling, grammar or anything else. This is my zine. Just remember, everyone is a hypocrite weather you choose to admit it or not is up to you. I do. So all that's left to say is welcome to THIS IS BOSTON NOT BOSTON. Play nice kids.

Dan.

Write me a fucking letter.

sosaythewise@hotmail.com

http://www.bostonnotboston.tk

http://www.myspace.com/wetheaccursed

COOKIE'S INTRO

I moved back to this area after spending most of my educational years down in Hampshire, mixing with people called Sebastian and Tristan. You know, wankers. I *did*, however meet one or two people that were cool. I met Steve, who some of you met at my wedding (the one with the Travis mohawk and who wasn't Guy). We had a zine together called "Jesus Built My Talbot Samba". Long story. Ask me about it sometime. But when I got back here, I decided to go it alone and start one myself. And so Itchy Bum started. I met Marv through it and after putting on Stampin' Ground and Knuckledust with Urko and Lifegrind (one of the most gargantuous gigs the Indian Queen has ever seen), the rest, as they say, is history. Some of you asked why I stopped scratching the itch. Well, basically because I just didn't really have the notion anymore. But, all of you know how I can waffle on (and on and on) all night ad infinitum about bad jokes and silly stories (yeah - they're all shit, but you all keep laughing), so I thought I'd add a bit to this one. You know how it is. The Boston Not Boston thing isn't just about the scene and the music. The close ring that exists in it may be a bit "emo" when it's written down, but those of you will know that sometimes that friendship can be a great thing. Coming from a personal point of view, some of you know what I'm talking about. Thanks. Anyway, on with this effort. Marv paid thousands for a team of high-flying ad executives and such, and after spending literally minutes drinking coffee and guffawing about the poor people and the price of a barrel of oil, they came up with Boston Not Boston. Great. I've not done any music stuff, because I simply didn't feel like it. Instead, I've just rabbited on about my school days and arsing around. You know, Cookie stuff. Anyway, enjoy it. If you can. If you want to send me pictures of your naked girlfriends, wives, sisters and mothers, send it to whiskeypunk666@hotmail.com. Now read another page, put this zine back on the shelf and make sure you wipe your arse properly. Fanzines are great in toilets, aren't they?

Toodle-oo.

Cookie

WHO WROTE WHAT

This zine represents the coming together of a bunch of IQHC Punks and is a joint effort between the following. Stuff is credited accordingly with the letters in brackets.

CAST IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER ...

Cookie Itchy Bum (C)

Dan Ugly Man Punk Rock (D)

Marv Gadgie (M)

Paul Initonit (P)

Steve "Titch" Larder (T)

Super Sophie (S)

IQHC NEWS

FEN LAND D-BEAT EXTRAVAGNZA

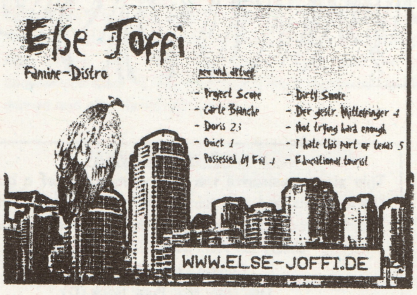
Boston has a long and proud history of Punk Rock and at the minute we are still going strong with the following band of merry makers:

BURNING THE PROSPECT are probably Boston's most active and established band at present. They plough the well worn TRAGEDY furrow and have a new one sided, two track crust-tastic 7" out now on axe man Luke's label RIGHT TO REFUSE, have just returned from a short tour of Italy and have been "signed" to the metal label FETO RECORDS! Since all this excitement in the Prospect camp, drummer Joe has left the band and been replaced by Gibbo who looks like a young Sned. Contact Danny for more records, merchandise and sandwiches.

RIGHT TO REFUSE RECORDS have also put out a mighty fine full length CD by Geordie "Progressive Power Violencers", ahem, JINN. An absolute belter of an album that takes in brutal grind, crust, power violence and all manner of other twists and turns. Dense and dark stuff that will set you back a mere fiver. LUKE SIMS, (We are) 138 WILLOUGHBY ROAD, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE PE21 9HR, ENGLAND www.myspace.com/righttorefuse

PATIENT ZERO's demise is now complete and the Fenland thrashers split has since seen two posthumous releases. Firstly the long heralded split 7" with the equally defunct FLICK KNIVES AND SPLINTERS on RIGHT TO REFUSE and secondly four rippers on Keep Screaming Records THRASH WAR compilation 7". They are joined on here by BRAINDEAD, WORKER AND PARASITE and VALHALLA PACIFISTS. Fast Fast Fast! Fans of NINE SHOCKS TERROR and LIMP WRIST should take note. keepscreamingrecords@hotmail.com

STARTING POINT OF GENOCIDE were a loose collective of anarcho Punk mayhem fronted by the inimitable Eagle. Imagine the bizarre scenario of GG ALLIN fronting CRASS ... there is a demo, but Eagle is currently looking to recruit new members whilst recording some spoken word stuff at the same time. There was a video made for one of their songs with Eagle wandering the fens and ranting away! Watch this space.



BURIED BUT BREATHING are a new band to the scene and play mid paced metallic Hardcore. A few gigs under their belt and counting. **DROWNING IN THE AFTERMATH** are another new band but you'll recognise the ex-THE LAST DAY folk if you catch 'em playing their dense and heavy, patches and dreads crust that reminds me of MADAME GERMEN, FROM ASHES RISE etc etc. **VIRGINIA TECH 9** were a short lived DISCHARGE meets CONFLICT trio who left a demo recording after they expired. Find Gibbo if you want a copy! He's usually on the Boston Punk forum as all the kids are these days ...

INITONIT is an of IQHC zine, although Paul now resides in P-Town. His latest issue (23) is now available and contains the staple ingredients of swearing, punk rock and anarcho rantings. Always worth a look for a mere 50p. PAUL INITONIT, 10 REGENTS COURT, PRINCES STREET, PETERBOROUGH, PE1 2QR, ENGLAND paul@paulinitonit.plus.com

RUM LAD zine is Steve "Titch" Larder's outlet for his wonderful artwork (remember the last three GADGIE covers?) and contains thoughts, travel writing and a slew of Steve's art. Issue 2 and 3 are out now and worth a shiny gold pound of yours. Steve has also contributed art to many other Punk projects such as the above named THRASH WAR 7" and numerous other zines and records of late. Now residing in Nottingham he has also found time to be in a new band going by the name of GRAMERCY RIFFS - classic 80's Hardcore word on the street says. He can be contacted at SOMERSET HOUSE, CHERRY HOLT LANE, SUTTERTON, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE, PE20 2HU, ENGLAND but this is his mam and dad's house so try steve.jipwit@hotmail.com for a quicker response!

The **UK ZINE YEAR BOOK** is a compilation of pages ripped from 30 plus UK zines - Gadgie, Rum Lad and Initonit are all in it and the cover was drawn by Steve Larder! Boston was represented! TOBY CHELMS, GROUND FLOOR, 42 BUCKINGHAM ROAD, BRIGHTON, BN1 3RP, ENGLAND tobychelms@hotmail.com

DIRTY PROTEST from out in the wilds of Horncastle are regular visitors to the IQ and have a new demo available on CD-r full of their fast punked up melodic ska-rdcore if yer interested. www.myspace.com/realdirtyprotest

IQ HARDCORE FC is finally up and running! Luke PROSPECT entered us in to the local Monday night 5-a-side football league at the big posh Boston Sports Arena. Mid table mediocrity is our current position, but it has been a transitional season I believe the phrase is. We feature BT "the Binman" in goal, my good self, Dan, Luke and Jimmy PROSPECT, Cookie of the Itchy Bum, Steve who has the hardest shot in the world, Bradders when he can be arsed and Kev who plays for us on a Saturday. You can follow our fortunes at the Boston forum and might even find a link to Cookie's YouTube diary account of our performances.

Finally there be a Boston Punk scene website/forum as you may have gathered. It's ran by crusty Daz where we all idly waste time and post stuff about gigs, bands, Phil Collins and zombie films: www.bostonnotboston.tk is where it's at and most of the people mentioned here can be contacted via the forum.

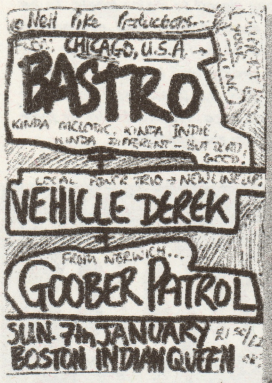
THE HISTORY OF THE BOSTON PUNK ROCK SCENE ... PART 1

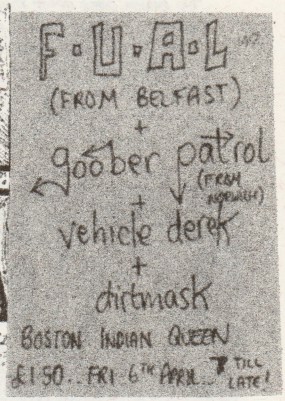
May 2008 will be a special month for followers of IQHC. It will be 20 years of Punk Rock at the Indian Queen. 20 years of Boston Punk and 20 years at the same venue! Not many places can claim that phenomenal achievement. So where did it all begin? Believe it or not, it starts with John Peel. The late, great John Peel whose show on Radio 1 revelled for years in the often bizarre and obscure underground of the music world, is a starting point for many a Punk Rock tale and is where we pick up our tale ... As the Punk Rock explosion, erm, exploded in the late 70's and 80's, many a three chords and the truth outfit would get their first spin on John Peel. Misfits, oddballs and those for whom the Top 40 of the day held little interest up and down the country rejoiced. As the first, second and many more subsequent waves of Punk disappeared from the radar of the media however, Peel continued to play whatever he was sent and new wave, indie, goth and whatever else would have an outlet on national radio that is difficult to comprehend theses days. Jump forward to Boston in the late 80's, and the odd live music venue is showcasing the likes of now long forgotten locals McCARTHY, FEAR OF NATIONS, and THE MIDGET SUBMARINES who may or may not have sent a demo to John Peel and sat in their bedrooms, fingers crossed, blank C90 in the player "just in case" awaiting that magical moment when Mr Peel would introduce his followers to a "new band from Boston, that's Boston in Lincolnshire ...". As they may, or may not, have sat clamped to their wireless, so did student Estelle, wiling the hours away in her year out from Poly, listening to Peel, checking out the latest indie sensations to be.

"In 1988 I had a year out before going to polytechnic. I used to spend my time listening to John Peel. One night he played Mega City Four for the first time. It was their first single, Miles Apart. At the end of the track he said they liked to get letters and gave out their address. I decided to write to them and in my letter I jokingly asked when they'd come to Boston. Wiz (the singer) replied and said "Give us a date and we'll be there." So, I picked the date - May 28th and then realised I had to find a venue. As I'd been to few gigs at the IQ I chose there. My brother, Del, was in Vehicle Derek and they agreed to support MC4. It was quite a risk really, organising a gig, as I knew nothing about what to do and no-one had even heard of MC4. Luckily MC4 brought their own sound equipment with them so all we had to do was sell tickets. The gig was an absolute sell out and a huge success."

Thus was born on May 28th 1988, a Punk Rock phenomena that would see two decades of live Punk at the Indian Queen, a small town centre pub in Boston which is a small town in Lincolnshire. Although Estelle would soon leave Boston after unwittingly creating year dot for Boston Punk, things back in The Fens went from strength to strength.

"Later that year I moved down to London to go to Poly. I was still in touch with MC4 who were playing gigs at least once a week in London. I went to all their gigs and got to know all the bands they played with. MC4 agreed to come back as they loved playing Boston and I also asked other bands to come too. The IQ played host to some fabulous hardcore bands such as Senseless Things, Sink, Snuff and Perfect Daze. It was a small venue but we always packed it out. Vehicle Derek were the support band every time. It was an amazing atmosphere and the bands who came always loved it. Everyone who came stayed at my parents after the gig. The following morning my Mum made rounds and rounds of bacon sandwiches for everyone. The most we had on the living room floor one night was 19 people!"





VEHICLE DEREK have claim as far as I know to the title of Boston's first real Hardcore Punk band. Consisting of Estelle's brother Del, Andy Sandall, Jase Etherington and Adam Warne they pretty much were the in house band who would be tagged on to the flier alongside illustrious names such as SNUFF and MEGA CITY 4. So how did Estelle and "the Dereks" do it? Boston is not a big city and never really had any history of famous bands, especially Punk bands. Well, they did it pretty much how any DIY gig has been done ever since. Charging somewhere between £1 and £2 on the door (although the first few gigs had pre sold tickets - maybe to assure themselves they would have some money and people would actually come!) and bands would be paid between £50 and £100, with VD playing for free and helping out on the night. As a non profit making set up, with all the money covering minimal expenses such as room hire and photocopying, the rest going to the band, I wondered whether this was out of some staunch adherence to the "Punks Before Profits" DIY ethic that CRASS and co. had espoused at the start of the decade?

"No, not really. One of the reasons I started putting on gigs was because I just loved music and wanted to see my favourite bands. When I lived in Boston you either had to go to Nottingham or London to see anyone half decent. We just wanted to give the folk of Boston something else to do on a Saturday other than go to the Town Pump or the Carps."*

Not only then was the IQ a starting point for the town of Boston's own Punk scene, it was beginning to be a stop over for Indie/Punk bands of the time who would go on to greater things. The music press got hold of the likes of MEGA CITY 4, SENSELESS THINGS and their brethren

and foisted the ridiculously named "Fraggle" scene upon us. Lumped together with a disparate bunch of "alternative" bands like BACK TO THE PLANET, the Bob Mould fronted SUGAR, and the newly famous CHUMBAWAMBA, some of the bands who visited the IQ and stopped on Estelle's parents floor hit the big time and signed to majors. Did they ever return after this?

"No bands came after they signed to major labels. To be honest, the gigs I was involved with died off around 1990/1991, when I went to live in France for a year. The bands we did invite were pretty well known on the indie scene at the time though. MC4 and Senseless Things were particularly well known. Sink were also well known as their singer Ed was in the Stupids in the mid-80s."

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And so Estelle moved on from her hometown, little knowing just what she had started!

* Town Pump or The Carps - Two local hostelries, the Town Pump had/has(?) an enormous fish tank above the door and backed on to a nightclub. The Carps, as The Carpenters Arms is affectionately known, is a quieter place, away from the town centre which was part of the triangular night out on the pop crawl of IQ, Carps and Axe and Cleaver to finish. Back in the day you understand. (M)

LAUGHING AT OTHERS MISFORTUNE

I love it when people accidentally fuck up when they are speaking. Spoonerisms are good (mucking fuddle, etc), but when it comes to dropping clangers the size of car batteries, there is no one who comes close to our very own Louise. The other night, whilst Army Of Flying Robots were making a din, she used an adjective to describe how she finds semen in her mouth: "Crunchy". Fucking "crunchy"? I'm not entirely sure what Bradders has in his diet, but, if his semen is crunchy, might I be so bold as to suggest he sees a doctor? It's really non of my business - and to be honest, I don't really care what people get up to in the privacy of their own homes - but, I can assure you that if Mrs Cookie were to describe my magic love mayonnaise as anything other than "salty and gooey - a bit like egg white and seaweed", I'd straight off to the chemist for a bottle of penicillin. I mean, having ones monkey juice akin to cornflakes is a bit fucking severe, wouldn't you agree? Fucking crunchy. The daft mare.

But then, Louise is a diamond for unforgettable quotes. Last season, I managed to bugger up my knee playing footy, but I still felt like I wanted to show some solidarity, so I just came along to watch. I stood with Looby Loo, and we'd be heckling and generally being abusive - like you do - when she wanted to point out something to me about one the opposing players. She was pointing and getting gradually more hysteric ("No, him. HIM. THAT ONE!"), but alas, I couldn't identify the subject of ridicule. Finally, she let out an exasperated, "That one - the one in the blue". Ah yes. The one in the blue. That clears it up then. You. Daft. Mare. Ah, but you see faux pas like those aren't exclusive to the crunchy semen chewer. It rubs off, you see. We somehow got onto the subject of animals and I suggested that sheep go "Moo". Fucking moo. Cookie - behave. A momentary lapse, I assure you.

Sometimes for reaction, sometimes accidental, either way, saying the wrong thing at the right time can cause much hilarity. I mean, for example, next time you are enjoying yourself sexually, just when you are about the "finish", I suggest you call out "mummy!". The look on your girlfriends face will be a picture. Trust me. Ever accidentally called your teacher "mum" at school? No? You liar. Everyone has.

Prank calls can be spectacularly ruined by uttering the wrong words, too. I mean, say you phone one of your teachers on a Sunday morning at around 2.30am after finding his phone number in the cloakroom on a sheet of paper that must have dropped from a file or something. What you should say is a long line of really cool swear words and finish it off with a farty noise, then slam the phone down. What you shouldn't do is wait for him to answer, asking "Who is this?" and you replying, "It's Cookie from B1, Sir". Ah, shit.

You have to remember that I went to St Bedes school. It was, well, shit, to be fair. There was, however, the ever-reliable Mr Lynch, or "teapot" as we called him. He earned this nickname by the way he stood at the board with one hand perched on his hip, whilst the other would be writing something about Jesus and crosses and clouds or summats on the blackboard. Actually, come to think of it, it did look a bit gay, aye.

RE lessons with Teapot were great in that you could never make the daft bugger angry. Whenever he turned his

back to the class to write something about how the Muslims and Jews ate lentils and sand or whatever, squadrons of paper aeroplanes would fly at him at once. "Goodness!", he would normally exclaim, "where did all these come from?". Where do you think, you daft old wrinkled cunt?

Mr Lynch's lessons also held the record for the game we played called "One Motherfucker". The rules were simple. You decided between yourselves how many were playing (you needed anything from 2-5 for a good game, but more people often tried to get involved) and the running order. As the class shuffled in to hear about how Jesus was a great big hippy with a shit beard and a fuckload of fishes, you'd sit down, and take turns in raising your hand, clenched fist, middle finger aloft and say, "One Motherfucker". The second person would then raise his hand, whilst you could lower yours, raise his middle finger and state, "Two Motherfucker". And so it went on until Mr Lynch caught you or whoever was on the "Motherfucker" bottled it. The best we got to was 16.

There was one time that we had a load of mentally and physically handicapped children come to our school for some activity or another. Something highly politically correct and "right on", more than likely organised by the posh girls in the 5th year. I think it was something to do with "opening our eyes" to those in wheelchairs and how "we were all the same" or something. It was dead serious and not funny at all. Not even a little bit. That's what Teapot said. Sadly for the do-gooders in assembly, the groaning and thrashing around that some of the less-abled visitors produced during the speech by our Headmaster, proved to be too much for many of the pupils, and the "mong noises" as they were then described - were gradually drowned out by the sound of raucous laughter. Matters were made all the worse by one of the posh girls pushing one visitor over the bump near the canteen door and accidentally applying the brake on the wheelchair. The sight of a handicapped child landing face-first on the canteen floor was perfectly summised by Fat Johnny in our class. He stifled a laugh to such an extent that it burst out of his nose in a big green glob that would have made "Slimer" from Ghostbusters proud. Teapot and the rest of the assembled teachers didn't laugh. In fact, they were quite angry. The photocopier went into overdrive that day, as letters were sent to everyone's parents about how much of a disgrace and an embarrassment we all were. We were all going to hell.

Mr Lynch had a week off once and our supply teacher was a drunkard called Mr Farthing - who, as you would assume, we called Mr Farting, because that's very, very funny. We had many delightful games that we would play with the pissed up old bastard. One was changing our names each lesson, thereby making him unsure as to whether it was us or if it was the drink. If you got him really mad, he'd lean over your desk by supporting himself on his hands, glare at you and breathe his stinky vodka breath all over you. What I tended to do was to focus on his left ear, or something over his left shoulder, so as to confuse the cunt.

Mr Farter also stopped that strange boy in the first year playing his animal game. The strange boy - whose name I never found out - would have this game where he would bring a dead animal into school - bird, hedgehog, rabbit, cat etc - and repeatedly throw it into the air as high as he could. The game had no point, no end and most importantly, no justifiable reason for being stopped. But Farter stopped it. The bastard.

Mr Lynch would also have a hand in the amateur dramatics that the bible-thumping freaks at St Bedes made us do. One year, whilst doing "Oliver", we were caught singing the wrong words to "Consider Yourself". We changed it to a song about Fliddy Anne from the Fourth year because she liked Bros and smelt like wee. The words went:

Anne fingers herself,
At home.
Anne fingers herself,
In front of the family.
She wanked off a horse,
At the farm.
Its clear,
She,
Didn't do any harm.

Not to be confused with 'Annie's Song' by John Denver. In THAT one she wanks off a *pony*, which is much, much different. Anyway, we were caught and given a detention and a lecture about bullying and the wrongs thereof. Bah. Fucking religious types.

The religious nutters at St Bedes had precisely zero percent sense of humour. I remember that, as we tried to summon Satan once. It was a well known fact that the devil could be summoned by placing a 10p on a grave at midnight near the Stump and dancing round it ten times. We were too scared to do this, however, and instead tried using a packet of Refreshers and dancing around it to the tune of "The Call It Acieed" at lunchtime on the plinth near the school pond. Nothing happened apart from us all getting lines and a letter home to our parents. Me, however, having already been in trouble that day, was sent to the headmasters office. This was a trip I was becoming alarmingly familiar with. Anyway, I knew the headmaster wouldn't be in, so, remembering the really cool film I saw the night before, I practised my moves on his door and pretended to be "The Karate Kid", who was dead hard and not gay at all. I was making all the noises Bruce Lee makes (coz he's dead hard and looks great with all those broken mirrors all over the place) and kicking the headmasters door, when, during one particularly awesome roundhouse kick that Chuck Norris would have been proud of, he opened the door and I fell on my arse, as the door wasn't where it should have been. He just stood there, all angry and shaking and red and bellowed, "Cook! What are you doing?!" I replied quite calmly that Mr Miyagi taught me wax on wax off. I got a detention and yet more lines.

Sadly for Mr Lynch, he was somewhat bizarrely chosen to teach us sex education and that was asking for trouble. We were shown a very vague sex education video and were then asked if we had any questions. For a while, there was nothing more than sniggering and giggling because of the word vagina. Now, given that Teapot had a very effeminate, camp voice, that last thing he should have said was something to provoke laughter. But he did. He said, "Oh come on now. You wouldn't make very good doctors or nurses, would you? What would you say if I came to see you and said I had something wrong with my vagina?" It didn't help that the deputy head was also in the class and laughed also. What was the ultimate back-

firing scenario in all of my third year at school for the teachers was how "right on" they all acted and during biology, asked us to draw any organ we wanted. We were told that, should we want to, it was ok to paint or sketch a penis - it's perfectly "ok". Cuz everyone in the class drawing schoolboy cocks on blank pieces of A5 paper. Parents Evening that week was a riot. (C)

ANIMAL RIGHTS AND THE PRO-LIFE ARGUMENT

"The animal liberationists who threaten violence against scientists using animals for medical research would claim an equally high moral purpose."

The above is a footnote. One sentence in an otherwise perfect book. The book in question is Richard Dawkins' The God Delusion, and the footnote comes in a passage depicting anti-abortionists in America. This blog aims not only to prove this sentence wrong (the rest of the book I must stress is so spot on it even quotes Peter Singer - the pro-animal rights philosopher) but also disprove the view that us "animal rights lot" are forcing our views down other people's throats!

The link between said quote and the pro-lifers comes from the fact that both groups are speaking out for the voiceless. However, animal liberationists have never stolen a life. In 1994 Paul Hill blasted abortion doctor Dr John Britton and his bodyguard to death James Barrett in Penscola. When he received the death penalty he became a martyr for his cause. Animal rights activists believe in evolution (or strands of it) and science. Right-wing pro-lifers believe in a violent God and can't believe in evolution because they seem to have missed a couple of rungs on the evolutionary ladder. Most of these "Christians" (the Christians I know would be mortified to be grouped together with these evil fuckers) are brain-washed into a system of belief passed on through generations without question - they are no different to Islamic suicide bombers. All animal rights activists I know have thought about their beliefs, agonized over their rights and wrongs and come to the belief that animal experiments are wrong, that specism is wrong, most are also pro-choice.

Of course, in the instance of the medical experiments argument, all of us believe that the science behind animal experiments is actually wrong. We think that they are at best useless (resulting in a holocaust of innocent creatures for no reason) and at worst lead to human deaths because their results are so unreliable. We are not zealots blindly following a belief system.

We are, of course, also fighting for living breathing creatures, not a group of under-developed cells - birth is not, as the saying goes, a miracle, it's a chemical reaction! (although the results of this chemical reaction are very often beautiful).

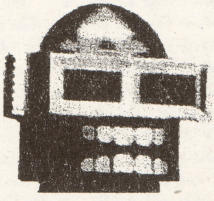
And, pro-lifers are also failing to take into account the feelings of another being - the mother, and sometimes a father and the mother/father's family too. They don't care if a mother has been raped, is too young to give birth or is not mentally capable of coping. They don't care about the life the child will have when it's born, or how the mum will cope. And how can a pro-life activist be pro-murder - a certain irony there don't you think, albeit a dark one?

Just for the record, part of the pro-lifers' argument is that people could have aborted a Beethoven, or someone as great - we know that they could also have aborted a Hitler or Stalin.

The argument that we "force our views on others" is a common one. But I've never heard a vegan preach in a meat-eater's face. I have heard meat-eaters preach in my face. "get some meat inside you", "it's not natural", "animals are there for us to eat", and the clichés go on and on...

We state what we believe. Animals are liberated because we believe they have the right to a life, that they cannot be owned. We do it because we care about living creatures. Abortion doctors also care - they care passionately about their patients, people who brand them killers are simply wrong.

The main weapon of the pro-choice activists and the animal rights activists is education. But if putting a spanner in the economic works is necessary to save lives then so be it. Ninety nine point nine per cent of the time business is the only "victim" of animal rights protests, the anti-abortionists ruin, and sometimes take, lives, there can be no comparison. (P)



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ANTIQUES ROAD SHOW
BOSTON NOT BOSTON STYLE

So, there's me, Saturday morning. Football day. Take daughter to dance class first and look round the market for an hour day. Jase's record stall is the first stop on my routine and a quick perusal to see if 'owt new is in. I pretty much know if anything is, as I've fingered my way through his stock so many times. It's usually a mundane and resigned realisation that it's the same old WHO, LED ZEP, 60's stuff and bad 80's Metaaaaaaal, but this one day it wasn't. In the 7"s section sat eight or nine monstrously priced, old and obscure beyond obscure Punk/New Wave records - the cheapest and only recognisable name was an early pressing of "Teenage Kicks" for £40. Not having a spare £470 to blow on the lot I inspected them with interest and made mental notes about band names to research later on the web and the Record Collector Rare Record Price Guide (hereafter referred to as "The Bible") when I chanced upon the jewel in this tatty crown - the VEHICLE DEREK/GOOBER PATROL 7" on Boss Tuneage from 1991. Boss Tuneage number 1 no less with a catalogue number of BOSTAGE1! A mere two quid later and I at last was the owner of the starting point of Boston punk on vinyl! In a plastic wallet with the original address sticker still holding it closed, I retired to the Indian Queen for a celebratory can of pop and packet of crisps. But is it worth anything Arthur ... well, as the cheapest of this consignment of old gold (by a good £38) one would imagine that it does not yet merit a place in "The Bible" and therefore is worthy of a price tag of no more than a modest fiver. As neither of the bands went on to be the next GREEN DAY and none of the members of said groups went on to form the next RANCID, collectors interest in this time capsule is strictly limited to fans of Fen Punk, the bands or the Aston's label. The GOOBER's of course courted a reasonable amount of fame though in Punk circles and are still knocking about drinking and rocking these days, but does a "GOOBER PATROL collector" exist anywhere? Who knows? The no doubt limited pressing and now relatively obscure nature of this tiddly little stain on the punk radar however meant that Elista Records (mail order specialists in collectable Punk Rock) saw fit to slap an £8 price tag on it. I'll not be handing in my resignation letter yet then.

A few years back BISCUITS TEXAS BOMBS rolled in to Boston all the way from Texas, with the late great Randy "Biscuit" Turner in tow, blasting their way through classic BIG BOYS tunes as well as erm, ZZ TOP and AC DC covers. David, the drummer in said beat combo, had a keen interest in fliers and zines as documents of the history of Punk. After a long perusal of my ridiculously large zine collection, and even more anally retentive Boston flier archive, he asked me to write him an article for his magazine Left Of The Dial. He was after a sort of sequel to the huge article Welly had written for Fracture about 80's UK zines and thought I was ideally positioned to scribble down a trawl through the following decade and so got to work writing and researching "UK Zines of the 90's" essay. My research took me to many corners of cyber space and it wasn't long before Sned turned up with a pile of old zines from the era for which he had doubles of in the Zine Library at the 1in12 Club in Bradford. The article was written and published on the internet in the end and a slightly edited version appeared in Last Hours zine, but more intriguing from a Boston point of view was a small, dog eared, staples gone rusty, copy of "Bilious Cholic" zine issue 2 which Sned made it clear was only a loan as it was very precious to him. Why I hear you ask? Well Bilious Cholic was one of the very first forays in to zining that the late and most certainly great Jas Toomer made. Anyone who ever read Grinner zine, or for that matter, received a letter from the mad mind of Toomer will recognise the zany handwritten/drawn style he was renowned for and the "Massive Price Rise" to 2p that the cover boasts suggests issue 1 was a mere penny. This would date it around the early 80's one would imagine. The same can be said of the 5p prize on offer for the sender of the best euphemism for "segments of faeces caught in the anal hairs". Jas was no more mature years later in his 30's either ... the contents are classic 80's zine - hand written scribblings on demos you can get by sending a blank cassette away with an SAE, lyrics from such demos and a letter from a chap calling himself "Christ" (though our editor wonders did his mummy really give him that name). A short tale entitled The Ballad of Edward The Dour In Face is typical Jas. He would proffer up insightful and at times cynical insights in to the modern world he never seemed to "get", but in a delightfully idiosyncratic fashion. A DISCHARGE style collage of animal suffering however betrays the anarcho era of CRASS and co who influenced Jas so much in his formative years. Whatever happened to VERTICAL HOLD, SYSTEMATIC DEATH, REALITY CONTROL and BERNARD AND THE BICCIES? Maybe we'll never know, but they graced the pocket sized pages of Bilious Cholic in the early 80's. As to a value on it though ... hmm, zines don't tend to really fetch much in the collectors market I'm afraid. I imagine number 1 of say Maximum Rock N Roll, Sniffing Glue or erm, ahem, GADGIE may raise an eyebrow, but generally our dog eared digests cannot compete with little wax discs. I imagine someone may be willing to pay a pound or so, if they are a Toomer collector still waiting for the GRINNERTHOLOGY to come out (one day, I promise you Jas, I will do it!) but as an artefact from a bygone era, as a piece that shaped the developing genius that was Jason Toomer it's absolutely fucking priceless. (M)

THE THINGS PEOPLE SAY ...

Our lad rang us up a few days ago and sounded in an advanced state of refreshment. I spoke to his missus Linda later on in the week and asked if indeed he had been merry making on that day to which I was informed "Yeah, he went out with yer Dad at about 2, said he'd only be a couple of hours, came in at 8 and tried to fit a whole kebab in his bloody mouth." Great stuff! (M)

DOUBLE DUTCH

Wednesday 2nd August – Thursday 3rd August

It seemed like an age since Marv suggested to me that we go to Holland & see Oeb & Friso, but after numerous emails & a visit to see Super Drug Sam [she used to work in there, but not anymore] to book our tickets, we were Amsterdam bound! To say I was excited on the Wednesday at work was an understatement. To say I was on wind-down was just downright ludicrous! As soon as the big hand dropped to half five, I was on my way to the Chef Canton to get our half-price Chinese & pick up Sophie. Fast-forward a bit & fuelled on Tofu & black bean sauce, my Ma drops me off at Gadgie Towers. The adventure had begun!

We drank coffee & watched Hammer Horror & I think I may have fallen asleep for a short time, having been up at half 7 for work. Just after midnight, we started the journey to Stanstead airport. I woke up, just as we were approaching the terminal. Bonus! Marv is so well organised that we'd arrived about 5 hours before we were due to fly. "Better that we're here" he told me. I sort of half agreed, due to needing sleep. Jimmy, whose motto is 'Sleep when you're dead', would be ashamed. Anyways, we find some overpriced, but decent coffee & we sit & start acting up until it's time to fly. We spotted a punk in a Tragedy shirt, but before we could talk to him, he'd vanished. We sat waiting in the departure lounge & conversation turned to how "you never meet someone you know in an airport", to which I agreed. So we get called & we see this guy from Boston who we know! What are the odds of that?! He's flying out to Shipol to meet a friend who is a mechanic in a racing team who are in Holland this weekend. Small world. Think I slept more, but awoke for the smoothest landing ever encountered by man. Said our farewells to Macca & after the train to Amsterdam Central, headed out to the 'dam, not before getting our train tickets to Utrecht, where we would be spending the first 2 days of our trip, with Friso.

I'm not sure what I expected Amsterdam to look like, but it was different to the picture I had in my head. But whatever, we were there! First port of call was Independent Outlook, somewhere I've wanted to visit for years now! Got plenty of wax, but didn't get the Misfits shirt I wanted cos it cost stupid money. Had a couple of beers & mooched around a bit.

Got the train to Utrecht & once we arrived, we tried to find this mythical 'meeting place' that Marv kept banging on about. We met this kid in an Insult shirt, who worked in a record shop in the train station & he didn't know what the fuck we were on about.

I'll tell you something; Utrecht is class-ist[?]. We needed to piss, badly, so we find this toilet, only to find that you had to pay! The words "Fuck That" were uttered & I followed Marv in, only for this woman to come out shouting "no, you must go back"! It always amazes me that as soon as someone is acting a cunt, people always speak English! So I proceeded to tell this woman that she "denied the poor the right to piss". Anyways, she sorted me out with the right change I needed [being a drunken idiot I couldn't do it myself] & I drained the main vein.

After this, Marv went on a mission to find more beer. We called Friso & he picked us up & took us back to his place, where we met his girlfriend, Maaike & the cats.

Shortly after this, I was passed a joint. This was a bad idea. 38 hours with limited sleep, boozed up & some "be careful, it's pretty strong stuff" weed, is asking for trouble & trouble I got. No food = bile. So I sicked, was laughed at & slept. Marv & Friso went out & drank more. Then Marv woke me up later, telling me, "I'm gonna bum you, Danny". He didn't, but he did roll on me & snore so loud, it sobered me up. Fuck that. I went & slept on the couch.

Friday 4th August

Woke up because I had this pain in my big toe. Turned out, Yoda, the terrorist cat, decided to chomp on it. Never mind, I'd passed out so early, I had no trace of a hangover. Result! No such luck for Friso, he went out & tried to challenge Marv at drinking. Bad move. Marv gets drunk & rowdy quickly, but he NEVER stops drinking. Never. He doesn't know how. But anyways, Maaike went to work & Friso went to get food. When he got back, we had a mega breakfast, and then we went out exploring Utrecht.

First port of call was Diego's house. Marv has known him since his band played Boston years ago, so The Marv was very keen to see him & talk about Italian football. Once we'd said our goodbyes, we took the scenic route into the centre of Utrecht, past the rehearsal space that Friso's band use & some old squats & stuff. Utrecht is such a picturesque place. Traditional looking buildings line the cobbled streets, canals & the most amazingly decorated squat. There were some gardens, but for some reason, they were closed & we couldn't go in. Shame, but the streets were so clean & postcard like, it didn't matter too much.

We saw the first 'mad person' of the trip in the centre of town. Some dude was just shouting, at no one in particular, something about Europe. But he'd shout for a while, turn & walk a few feet, then shout some more. Needless to say, we, being from Boston, encouraged this incessant shouting!

At some point, we got some Indonesian food, from 'Babby Snacks' [yes, like baby if you're from Boston]. It is basically, tofu & tempeh, which had been fried, marinated before & after, & served in a chunk of crusty bread. It was pretty spicy, without burning the fuck out of your mouth & it was simply the best thing I've ever tasted. It's near the Acu [venue]; so if you're ever in town, check the place out.

After we'd bought yet more records in this cool shop, called Da Capo on the Oudegracht, we headed back towards Friso's place. We picked up some fruit & met this English guy, Industrial Titus [so called cos he was into Industrial & erm, his name was Titus] & he came back with us for food, booze & some weed. A great day.

Saturday 5th August

We boarded Friso's thrash wagon & he took us to the station pretty early, cos he was heading to Belgium for a

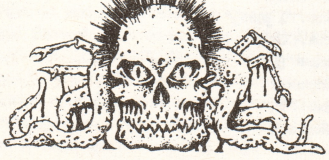
weekend of Reggae at a festival there. We were Amsterdam bound. Once in the dam, we called California Oeb-er Allis & got directions. Sorted. Seemed easy enough. So we get to the bus & the conversation went something like this:

MARV: "Alright, can we go to Beuningenplein, please?"
BUS WOMAN: "No."
MARV: "Why not?"
BUS WOMAN: "Because I don't go there."
MARV: "Well it says on the front of the bus you do."
BUS WOMAN: "Well I don't. You want that bus over there [points]."

So we take a walk to the aforementioned bus & the conversation goes....

MARV: "Alright, can you take us to Beuningenplein please?"
BUS MAN: "No."
MARV: "Why not?"
BUS MAN: "Because I do not go there."
MARV: "Well she says you do [points over to last bus]."
BUS MAN: "Well, I do not go there."

So again, we got off & after some hmmm's & errr's, Marv utter the immortal words "Fuck it. Let's get a map. I'm a Dad, I can get us there" & get us there he did. That orienteering course he went on with his school was certainly taxpayers cash well spent! "Trust The Marv" & "The key to orienteering is getting into the map. Keep the map the same way & move around it", were the phrases that kept coming up for the rest of our trip! We meet up with Oeb & drop our shit off at his place, which can only be described as the ultimate punk rock pad! Original Misfits records on the walls & the room was decorated red & black, with flames all the way around. We headed out into the dam & went to a music shop for drum skins. Some of the guys in there seemed to think we were gay. When we asked why, they said they just wondered why we came to town on Gay Pride weekend! We got some pizza, and then we bought more music [new fucking Slayer CD=YES!] Al's porn stash [yes, it IS Al's porn, I have witnesses to testify he gave me money to get him some, so there!] & Marv's Misfits wallet, which he showed us every time he got it out. Then we got cheap beer & sat in the park, listening to terrible 80's euro-pop & drinking heavily! Some of Oebs friends came out for a bit & marvelled at 'Al's porn' [it isn't for me] then we headed back to where Oeb works, AmsterJam [gettit?], a rehearsal space. Unfortunately, Guillermo & Tropical Danny who at the time were Holland's chart toppers, were not honing their craft at the time we were there, but you can't fuck with perfection. I preferred their earlier output; the demo is raw as fuck. You ever get the chance to check em out; I suggest you do, seriously! We had a few beers & chatted, and then we headed back to Oeb Towers & slept, sort of.



Sunday 6th August

After the first shower of the adventure [come one, we're punks aren't we? Cleanliness IS NOT godliness] we headed up to explore Oebs roof! A great view of Amsterdam, you could see for miles. We decided to get some food & Oeb said we could go to this sandwich place, which sounded good to us. I love sandwiches, me. So Marv ordered an egg salad or summat, I said I'd have the same & Oeb ordered a ham salad. So we get sat down, get our coffee & everything is dandy. That is, until the sandwich man bought out Oeb &´my sandwiches. He had bought me the same as Oeb, so I took it back & this is when sandwich man metamorphosed into Aggro Sandwich Man. "If you want an egg salad sandwich, you have to tell me." I said I did & it was no biggy, just I was a vegetarian soft-cock & could I just have an egg salad sandwich, like I ordered. He then proceeded to tell me I didn't order an egg salad sandwich, so I told him I did. To cut a long story short, I got an egg salad sandwich & everyone lived happily ever after. No. Can you guess what happened? That's right; Marv got a ham salad sandwich too! Aggro Sandwich man said we'd pay for everything. We didn't care. He was a shit. Made good sandwiches though. After all that carry on, we walked into the dam & headed for Boudisk, another amazing record/CD shop/brutal cannibal film outlet! Marv picked up some extreme violence & I got the new Mogwai 3-sided LP, which is incredible by the way!

Marv fulfilled a lifetime ambition by FINALLY, having tried numerous times but to no avail, getting to see the Holland National Football Museum. Pretty impressive it was too, even though we understood none of the videos or written parts that accompanied the exhibits. Not that it bothered us; we got to see Johan Cruyff's footy boots & the European Championships cup! Left the museum & met back up Oeb, got some falafel & then more beer & sitting in the Westerpark, watching a grown man kitted out in full Ajax kit, pose playing football. Looked quite useful mind, one or two nice touches. On the occasion the ball came to me, I disgusted Marv by playing a nice side-footed pass to the feet of the lad coming to retrieve the ball. He said I should have done some fancy trick, but I see myself as a Jamie Carragher figure, I do what's asked of me simply. Might not be very glamorous, but it gets the job done! Walking back to the Jam, we sat & had a drink by an old gasworks that had been changed into a pond & wildlife area. Very nice it was too. Manchester United were on TV tonight, so we watched that & cheered for the other team as we drank. Had an amazing veggie lasagne in this Turkish/Italian restaurant, and then watched more football. Get in.

Monday 7th August

Oeb had some stuff to do today so The Marv & me were fending for ourselves. The torture museum was something we wanted to do, so we did. I don't think brutal is a strong enough word for some of the implements of destruction in this place. I sure wouldn't have wanted to live in a time or place where people are allowed to use things like this as a means of punishment. Spiked chairs, guillotines, pretty standard stuff, but I couldn't choose between one of two implements, I'd like less to be subjected to. The first was what can only be described as an Arse Destroyer! A pyramid on a 6 foot-ish tripod, that one unlucky sucker would be sat on, the top of said pyramid, going into ones

arse. If that isn't bad enough, weights were then attached to the victims feet, thus maximising the pain. The second & arguably most brutal thing I've ever come across, was the Arse Saw! This saw must have been about 7-8 foot in length & it was used to cut people in half ... after they were secured, with their arse at a suitable sawing height. Fuck that. It's just barbaric. Kids are getting off lightly with their ASBO these days! With images of torture flashing through our heads, we trekked around this cool market, selling anything & everything. We then got souvenirs for our loved ones & found a tram to take us to the Jam, so we could meet Oeb for band practice. We met his band mates & drank too much again. By this point I was getting addicted to pizza.

Tuesday 8th August

Our last full day, we spent walking around, literally. We walked mile upon mile & it was cool to have no real agenda, just mooch around. We went to this old as fuck boat that had been rebuilt, with the original materials, using the original tools. It took years & very impressive it was to. We tried to go up on top of this building, but it was locked up & there was no way of climbing the fence, which sucked as it would have been a right good view, but what can you do? We took a walk to the 'posh end' [east?] of Amsterdam to the other Jam, to see Jasper, who we'd met earlier in the trip. We sat drinking coffee & got some food. Oeb promised us a famous Amsterdam boat trip & a boat trip we got. He took us to this ferry, that takes about 30 seconds to get to the other side, off loads, loads up again, then goes back! "Now you can tell everyone you went on a boat trip in Amsterdam," he said, triumphantly. We decided not to go out on the piss, cos we didn't want to be rough for travelling.

Wednesday 9th August

Last day. Made sure we had all our wax & stuff together, one last walk around the dam & hanging around Oeb's place. He walked us to the bus stop, & as we're getting on the bus, he says "Now get the fuck out of my city" as the doors close! Back to the train station & back to Shipol, for a long wait until we fly. While we were sat drinking coffee & reading, this guy who worked for the airport comes up to us & asked if we were flying together. Marv said we were & asked if there was a problem. He said not & left us alone. It wasn't until the next day we realised how lucky we were to get home, after EasyJet cancelled all of their short haul flights... (D)

SHOP LIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE

You know "Wimpy", yeah? The burger people but they give you a knife and fork and don't expect you to lob ketchup sachets at old ladies? Yeah, them. Did you know that years ago, they had a meal called " A Big Bender In A Bun"? I swear it's true. The only thing that stopped it being gay was that they served it on a plate with cutlery. Holding a Big Bender with your hands and putting in your mouth would be just plain gay. Eating a Big Bender In A Bun with your hands was asking for trouble and probably meant you wanted to kiss the chef with tongues and everything and let him bum you until you liked it. Rumours spread so damn quickly in our school. But the thing was, the very smallest grain of truth would snowball into a massive urban legend until the subject of the story would have to go into hiding. I have two examples. Johnny came to school on the Spalding bus. One day, Johnny told James that he was made to take a bath with his brother. This story then developed into the fact that Johnny washed his face in water his brother pissed in. This then became Johnny likes drinking piss. By the afternoon, Johnny was a Gaylord who liked licking piss off his brothers cock until his tongue got tired. Similarly, Catherine once had a nosebleed in church whilst sitting near the vicar. It then became fact that the vicar punched her in the face. It then turned into Catherine brawling near the alter with the vicar. But hometime, Catherine was having real sex and everything with the vicar but had a fight because she wanted him to finger her but he didn't want to. Catherine and Johnny were bullied for ages after that. The sick pair of bastards. Want to get a detention? An absolute guarantee is to be coerced by your colleagues into going up to Miss Hayington, the supply teacher - whose son is severely handicapped - force your tongue into your lower lip, slap your left wrist with the back of your right hand and shout "duuurrrr, what's for dinner, mummy?" Actually, this will not only get you a detention, but expelled. Especially if you are Adrian from Liverpool who was at our school for only 3 terms. A spacker in the first year when I was in the 5th year was called Jerry. He had a really bad haircut that meant his hair hung down on the sides of his face like sideburns. Naturally, we called him Mungo, after the band that sang the song "In The Summertime". If you called him Mungo enough, well, chanted it, actually, he'd try to throw chairs at you. We called him Mungo a lot. The spacker.

Gaycock was the term we used when someone was speaking to us that we didn't want to converse with. It was simple, really. You just said 'gaycock' until they got mad (bonus) or left you alone and walked away. Let me explain:

Spacker: "Excuse me, could you tell me wh..."
You: Gaycock.
Spacker: "I just want to..."
You: GAYcock.
Spacker: "I just..."
You: GAYCOCK
Spacker: "But.."
You Gaycock.
Spacker: "I.."
You: Gaycock.

Childish, me? (C)

A CAUTIONARY TALE ...

Exclusive serialisation of the soon to published, when erm, Marv's finished writing it obviously, book "Go On Son Boot It!"

I woke up one Sunday morn having all kinds of problems. The wife, the ever devoted Sharon, asked me if I had a good night last night.

"Erm yeah" I sheepishly replied.

"Remember falling asleep on the front room floor with the dog?" she continued.

"Erm, vaguely."

"It was all Jamie's fault though wasn't it?"

"Wasn't what?"

"The fact that you came home at quarter to ten 'after football', and he made you go and get drunk instead of coming home for tea apparently."

"Oh yeah, that's right, yeah, nowt to do wi' me, honest love."

... and you met a girl in a corset" she uttered as she whisped off in to the kitchen to put the kettle on for a very strong cuppa coffee I hoped, but with those chilling words, feared it would be a cup of tea for herself only and I can ruddy well make coffee myself if I wanted it. Let me explain ... After the usual game of footy for the mighty West End Tigers in the Boston and District Saturday League refreshment was found at the infamous Axe and Cleaver. The standard post match ritual is a few pints and complimentary chips before leaving for home at about half five. Tonight however was different. As the live match began on the huge SKY TV screen and people began to drift off with cursory "See you next week" or "You playing tomorrow?"* farewells, myself and Jamie found ourselves the remaining team members and as I went to pick up my bag and ask Jamie if he was playing tomorrow, he uttered those fatal words: "Fancy another?" Indeed "another" later we had "another" and more fatal words, even more ominous than the previous were uttered: "Come on, let's get wankered." There is a theory often uttered by those that indulge in ale related japery. It is not the planned piss ups that actually end up being the wildest, but those unplanned and spontaneous ones are the way to have the most fun. Where you plan to have a quick couple, a social few or just the one, but end up drinking your own body weight in alcohol. We've all done it, and this particular night, me and Jamie certainly did it. In style. As it was completely unplanned, we were the absolute pinnacle of sartorial elegance, me in a track suit and retro AC Milan shirt and my drinking buddy hardly dressed to the nines. At least we wouldn't be allowed in the club ... After a few more at the Axe, we hit the glory trail and an assortment of town centre pubs would become our hosts as most normal people where at home having their tea and watching Dr Who. Us, no, we wre out drinking at an alarming rate, being very big and very clever of course. We had discussed the team's performance in today's game, the team's performance this season, who was not pulling their weight, who was and so on. We had moved on to football nostalgia, recalling and embellishing with exaggeration great moments from our past - my diving header against Old Leake Reserves in a cup quarter final was matched by equally glorious moments from my mate sat opposite me. We talked about growing up, stuff we used to get up to and embarrassing moments from our drinking careers. We covered everything that blokes can cover, but then, ending up at The Britannia, a rather pleasant town centre pub the night took a turn for the sexy. The Brit is a nice pub which I frequented rather frequently after Sunday League games with a gaggle of mates and their other halves about eight or nine years ago. We got told off for being too merry and heckling the pub quiz question man once but they seemed to enjoy having us rabble come in at tea time on a Sunday for the live match and quiz. The quiz man sportingly used to rebut us over the mic, and being sober usually made us look even sillier than we made ourselves look. Our Quiz team was called Piss Tank Twat each week, after the legendary Pharoahs of Fen Punk, erm, Piss Tank Twat who were a very silly band indeed ... but alas I digress ... Upon entry to this fine hostelry, it was a busy night by now, and we met Thommo, a former member of the Piss Tank Twat quiz team, who called us over to sit with him, and a bevy of foxy young ladies. Of said collection of cuteness, one young lady in particular seemed to appeal to virtually every man in the room at that moment. Resplendent in a beautiful purple corset many a fella was attempting to catch her eye, but finding it difficult to actually look in to the attractive eyes of the girl in question. She seemed rather coy but surely must've known that the fantastic piece of corsetry that was wrapped around her upper body was having an unsettling effect on many a gent, not to mention the ample cleavage it gave her. It's not the sort of outfit you see women in these more enlightened times sporting, but with the hour glass shape it gave this young ladies waist and the shiny purple ribbon criss-crossing her bare back, it was a most welcome return to the fashion world if you ask me. Needless to say, I discussed with Thommo and Jamie, the Hammer Horror fantasies I have harboured since Ingrid Pitt and co. tortured my adolescent hormones and most of the blokes present seemed equally impressed, but probably were not thinking of creaky old horror films from the 60's. Moving on and deciding that a final pint would be enjoyed with a number of Jamie's mates in The Ship, we dragged ourselves away from the boned and ribboned delights we had witnessed in the Brit and that was that. Or so I thought. Upon returning home I pleaded my defence as a case of being easily lead by Jamie and fell asleep on the floor with Jack the black Labrador we had recently taken as a pet. A bit of male unity there ... no, that's not exactly what happened though as we discussed the next morning ... upon returning from the kitchen with the strong cup of coffee the following morn, Sharon was wearing a huge grin and brought up the "Corset Girl" as apparently that is all I had talked about for about an hour before falling asleep with the dog on the living room floor**. Oops. Not exactly the best way to impress the missus - coming in absolutely arseholed five hours after you said you'd be home and doing nowt but rave about some hot young minx in a corset. I did make a feeble attempt to explain that it was the corset itself that had left such a wonderful impression, and I couldn't really remember what the girl looked like, so she obviously wasn't as beautiful as you love ... I had, it transpired ploughed this furrow the previous evening whilst in my drunken malais, but was told it wasn't credible then and it wasn't now. I think using the phrase "awesome knockers" is what blew my chances. Anyway, sensing the need to get back in what is referred to as "the good books" I contemplated the usual avenues of the

scoundrel, but miraculously Sharon seemed to find it all rather amusing. Anyway ... a week later we are walking through town after dropping the little 'un off at her Dance class and as we trapse past the posh looking boutique for fashionable young ladies there it was! In the window was the exact same corset I had frenzied myself in to apoplexy a week previous. Clad around a mannequin it was just as gorgeous as I remember it - a sort of silky purple type look, with little clasps at the front and a luxurious looking ribbon draped down the back. Needless to say, self control dissipated there and then and I blurted out "That's it! That's what corset girl had on last week!" There was nothing for it. If I was to convince my dearly beloved that it was indeed the corset and not the beautiful young girl clenched in side it that had caught my eye ... offer to buy her one! "Yes! Let's buy it, go on I said you'd look good in it! Go on I'll buy it! It's pay day this weekend!" This was all of course said without first thinking*** and before I knew it I was stood holding bags outside the changing rooms in this really trendy little shop with perfect looking women sauntering about in high heels and painfully tight fitting clothes, without so much as a smile to crack their perfectly made up faces. Shit intimidating basically for a scrote like me. Especially when Sharon slips out from the behind the curtain where she's been "cooing" and "ahhing" for the last five minutes trying to firstly squeeze in to this contraption and then out again. A smile as wide as the River Tees slapped across her face, she emerges to suggest three things: a) it is indeed an utterly beautiful creation, b) it does fit her perfectly and c) I will be returned to "the good books" with extra credit if I was to purchase her said luxury item. Casually and not wanting to appear like a nob head who never buys his wife nice clothes and stuff, I feigned a bit of aloofness and said "Yeah, if you like it, you can 'ave it pet." The posh mannequin took it from Sharon, and informed me "I'll wrap if for you" without even making eye contact. So there's me, I wander over to the counter and watch as intricate tissue paper arrangements and ribbons and bags effortlessly fall in to place and one of them little paper carrier bag jobs is prepared. I lay my debit card on the counter and, still trying to maintain my cool demeanour pretend to look at the night club fliers laid out by the till. Looking up from her handy work the woman casually breathes "That'll be £99.99 please." Fuck.

* For some reason we all drag our weary limbs out of bed for 10.30 and play Sunday League 'n all.

** Falling asleep before reaching the bed chamber is not as unusual an occurrence as you might wonder when you are me. Don't get me started about the time I brought home an army of drunken Leeds and Icelandic punks only to spend the next morning upon arising from my slumber trying to convince Sharon that I hadn't been to the Indian Queen and actually sat in the Axe all night. "How come all of I Adapt and Russ Snell are downstairs making toast then?" was her incredulous response.

*** Speaking without first thinking: another one of my more endearing traits. (M)

THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ROOM TO SWING A CAT IN THIS HOUSE

You know I've got a cat, yeah? His name is Billy. Well, the thing is, he's dead hard and he can dance, too. I simply put a sock on his head and he shuffles backwards, mewing and growling. If you pick him up again and put sellotape on his paws, he break dances and walks backwards in some kind of catty moonwalk. The sock on his head makes him look like a well hard gangsta in the hood with his catty homies and his catty bitches, y'all. Or summats. Nails, my cat is. Fucking nails. It's not a bit like the cat from 3 doors down, though. That cat is a wuss. We played Cat In a Bag the other day and it mewed like it was going to die. Ever played Cat In a Bag? It's easy. To play cat in a bag, you will need a cat and two bags. Double up the bags, and make holes in them for the cat's legs and head. When you have forced the doubtlessly reluctant cat into the bag, and wrestled it's little paws into the holes, quickly grab the handles of the bag and swing the cat around above your head. The cat will be held in place using the same magic that keeps water in swung buckets. Some notes on *cat in a bag*: As with all such games, scream the name of the game while you do it. Just as a bundle isn't a bundle without screaming "bundle!" cat in a bag requires the swinger of the bag to be screaming CAT IN A BAAAAG! as he runs around the house where he lives. Doubling up the bags will go some way to preventing a ripped bag, which will cause the cat to fly into your friend's mouth, and he'll go boss-eyed and make a comical "gulp" sound with a tail hanging out of his mouth. You MUST swing the cat. Otherwise it will escape, and probably land on your face, and do a sick on you. The game ends when you let go of the bag and do the tune from the Dukes Of Hazzard car horn whilst the bag glides through the air. You may like to finish with a "yeee-haaa!" as the bag lands and the cat runs off. (C)

EMPATHY

They say that the difference between humans and animals is human's ability to empathise.

But animals don't blow the fuck out of each other for no reason, animals don't torture the fuck out of creatures of their own species to keep control and animals don't kill for profit.

So who are the real animals?

Anyone who saw The Passion of the Christ on TV would have seen a bloke (who most probably did exist, but not in the way most people think) whipped and whipped until his skin was hanging off. Every time the lash flayed the skin it ripped open the flesh and splashed blood across the grubby floor. Can you imagine how that feels? Can you imagine being whipped until your body is a mass of torn skin? The lash is still a punishment sanctioned by government in some nations.

In March 2003 Soraj Ghulam Habib and his brother picked up a yellow canister in Afghanistan thinking it was full of food. It blew Soraj's brother apart and blew his legs off. Can you imagine seeing a loved one killed next to you and having half your body torn away? Just think about the pain for a second.

Think about being jailed without charge and "ghosted" to a strict prison in a foreign land away from your family, beaten, humiliated and left to wonder what you did wrong.

Think about how it feels to face racist abuse every time you walk down the street, you're taunted every day, abused every night, you're terrified of your neighbours.
Then imagine how it would be to cower in the corner every night as bombs fall from the sky, or imagine running out of a tube station in the darkness because a bomb has just killed many of those around you.
Put yourself in the place of people who have suffered like this. Then ask how other human beings could do this?
Why aren't you doing something about it?
Recent tests show that crows are capable of solving problems, and many animals are capable of showing compassion - they get upset when some cunt of a "doctor" steals away a puppy to show shit in its eyes, force burning chemicals in its eyes, and other "doctors" wonder why!
Apparently been torn apart doesn't hurt a fox, dangling 10 feet out of water with a metal hook through your mouth doesn't hurt a fish and playing with a baby chimp's brain is of benefit to humanity!
What fucking humanity?
The old excuse rolled out is that it is "for the greater good". We bomb countries, and the "collateral damage" (murdered civilians) is for the greater good of the "good guys" objective of defeating the "bad guys". To me the old T-shirt slogan "war is terrorism with a bigger budget" rings true. I empathise with each and every family slaughtered. I guess soldiers and politicians are taught not to so they can sleep at night! The erosion of civil liberties is also done "for the greater good". Locking people up without charge, tapping phones and torture benefits the whole of society apparently. Fuck off. It tells the terrorists we're scared, it tells them they've won. And it gives Big Brother more control.
As for animal experiments being for the greater good. Complete bollocks. Tests on animals for any purpose, including medical, are 100 per cent useless and totally inaccurate, children die because of unreliable data from these experiments. I have no clue how a monkey torturer sleeps at night.
Doesn't it make you proud to be human? (P)

THE THINGS PEOPLE SAY ..

For one reason or another I had to buy a box of chocolates for somebody. Driving home from work I stopped at the petrol station one cold, blustering Monday night and filled up the Gadgiemobile. Upon entering the kiosk place I selected a box of suitable celebratory looking chocolates and placed them on the counter. The bloke behind the counter must have been waiting ages to try this line out, and as I placed the choccies down he feigned coyness and said "Oh you shouldn't have!" Made me laugh out loud! (M)

TAKE YOUR JOB AND SHOVE IT ..

Well here is my second go at trying to write something that might be worth reading. I lost the first one I did, maybe if all this writing lark goes well it'll be discovered in years time and published as "Sophie Young: The lost works". But probably not. Unfortunately a fully functioning short term memory has long since abandoned me so I'm starting again from scratch.
I wasn't going to attempt anything again but after Titch and Holly did their zine and with some gentle elbowing from Dan I decided that actually, I really wanted to do something that other people could read, even if you think its shit! At least you gave me the time of day. Thanks then!
The topic of choice is my old place of work, the Gliderdrome, when I started writing this it was my current place of work, but I have since left and now work for Longhurst Homes, a charity that builds and rents out affordable homes for low income families/single parents/homeless etc. That makes me sound like I'm a noble steed, but I'm actually only a receptionist.
I worked at the Glider for about four years altogether, and I quite disliked it. The boredom was mind numbing, fellow employees were even more so. After my four years of being there I would say I was on speaking terms with about 3 of them. When I got moved into a different section of the building to work, a customer saw me and turned to a group of workers stood about and said "What's this young ladies name them?" ... silence ensued until finally someone piped up "SAM! I think..." What a fucking laugh! I'm a veteran compared to them. To be honest it didn't really bother me that they didn't know who I was, and now they never will have to.
As with everybody at work, there will be aspects you enjoy and some you don't, but seeing as my job consisted of only one duty I relied heavily on the customers to bring some relief to the repetitiveness of my job. You would be very correct in thinking that seeing as I work at a bingo hall then a large majority of my clientele would be old people! If they weren't then this wouldn't even be worth writing. It is a universally held opinion that old people: 1) moan and 2) stink of piss. My experiences have in many cases confirmed these theorems but some people are really genuinely nice and actually make an effort to talk to you. It honestly could make my night if someone just asked me how I was, or made a funny comment about my bow tie, which by the way made me look a twat. Being in a place for so long you get to recognise the faces and personalities of people. One old woman who was really small and stoopy used to giggle her head off at everything, when she came up to me to buy her tickets she'd say "Thank you" then stand there and laugh, for no apparent reason. Brilliant. She wasn't a mental or owt though. She comes in with a fat annoying friend who talks about God, one Christmas Eve she asked me if I ever went to midnight mass. When I replied no she told me Jesus wouldn't bring me any presents then(?). Gutted.
Another good un is this really old, small mardy man. I like him so much because of how incredibly mardy he is. His face looks like a really angry frog. I made every night my mission to try and make him smile but to no avail.
You get some memorable evenings as well. Like the time everyone mutinied and boycotted the Snack bar because there was a 5p price increase. Apparently death threats

were made. Its funny really, they'll gladly throw away there hard earned pension money on bingo tickets that never win, but won't pay 5p extra for probably the only hot meal they'll eat in the week. So everyone tried to bring in their own food from home but of course that would *never* be allowed. So they either coughed up or went without. They were soon crawling back to the burger bar!

Another annoying thing was how stupidly suspicious they were about tickets, "That ones got a rip in it, can I have another?" - well no actually, because then my till will be down. "Can I have one from further down the pile?" No actually, for that very same reason.

Old people aren't as honest as you'd reckon either, I'm constantly being given foreign or out-of-date coins, and you know despite the shocked faces and the flustered apologies that its no coincidence they were nestled out of sight under all the other coins. One evening a woman came to my till and handed me a few tickets saying she'd found them on the floor and could I hold onto them incase the owner realised and came back for them. No problem. As soon as she'd gone an old feller came up to me and went "Yeah I knows who they belong to, I'll go take them to him." So I gave them to him. He went back and sat at his seat, and never got up again. Good on him I say, he saw the opportunity and went for it.

It's only been a week since I left and I miss it, in a way. If you do something for long enough even if you don't like it you still don't want to leave it behind. A part time job was like a security blanket for me. Now I'm out in the big cruel world. Monday to Friday, 9-5. Now instead of dealing with annoying old people, I deal with annoying people of all ages! But I really love this job and the fact I know I'm doing something that matters, even on a very small scale in this grand scheme of things.

So, if ever anyone fancies it give us a call and lets go play a game of fucking bingo! Quid a pint! (S)

THREE MINUTE HEROES: LOST CLASSICS FROM THE PUNK ROCK WARS

THE VALVES "ROBOT LOVE" 7"

When I first started playing football in Boston, I was recruited to play for the Boston College Sunday side by a mate in the Indian Queen. It's a long story and you'll have to wait for my footy book to come out to read the full tedious tale, but some of the friendships from the those days of getting up at ungodly hours on a Sunday morning to play, and invariably lose, in the colours of the not so mighty College Sunday side, still endure today. One such character is the inspirational Mr Chris Donkin, a man who literally lives and breathes Football. He has a Hearts season ticket and travels from Boston to Edinburgh for every home game at Tynecastle. He had a soft spot for the Boro, as he'd lived there for a bit and although he was a "few years" our senior was always on the look out for a game on the left wing. Discussing with Chris one day the joys of the Indian Queen and persuading him to come and see a PISS TANK TWAT gig and a while later a wild night of Italian Punk N' Roll with THE PEAWEES, he confided in me that he had once drummed in a Punk band! This seemed a little odd at the time. A senior management role at Boston College is not usually where old Punks end up, but the story unfolded of the lost genius of DOUGIE AND THE BARBS, for which Donks sat on the drum stool in the late 70's Edinburgh/Stirling Punk Rock scene. I asked him a few questions more recently about those heady days, and how on earth he wound up in the short lived Punk Rock sensation that was DOUGIE AND THE BARBS?

"I bought a drum kit and was learning how to play the drums at Airthrey Castle (a music facility on Campus at Stirling University) by playing along to the LP 'With The Beatles' ... Dougie saw me heading to the Castle with a pair of drumsticks in my hand and asked me to join their band ... I had never met him and he had never heard me play the drums ... a marriage made in Heaven! The scene at the time around the capital was good, vibrant, exciting, young" and had "... good bands such as THE CHEETAHS VALVES, REZILLOS, THE PAINTED WORD and SIMPLE MINDS."*

When asked about about any gigs they may have played I was regaled with a wonderful tale of a particularly wild evening when DOUGIE's gang supported THE VALVES at Stirling University. Chris explained one night, as we got changed for a College Staff Football Team match against The Fire Station, that Dougie started the set by telling the audience "I'm not prejudiced! I hate you all equally!" The rest of the night was spent trying to stay in time behind the drums as bottles, spit and Bernie Slaven knows what else rained down upon the band. Sadly THE BARBS split not long after as the bearded drummer left to get married according to a local fanzine at the time! This set something going in my memory though, as I was sure I'd heard of THE VALVES, and as a collector of 7" singles from that era, made a mental note of the name. Years later and I chance upon a copy of their first single on a list of a reputable dealer in such antiquities. So there goes a tenner based purely on the fact that a bloke I know from football played in a band who supported 'em about 25 years ago ... a fool and his money etc etc. I eagerly awaited the arrival of the brown square cardboard parcel us vinyl junkies watch the postie walk up the road with from the bedroom window thinking "Yes! Records!" I'm like an excited kid ripping in to birthday presents hoping for a Darth Vader figure and a Scout Walker when a record order is on it's way. Getting one of them slips saying you have to go pick it up at the sorting office, but it's too late and you have to wait until the weekend as you won't be home in time this week ... absolute torture ... erm, the record ... at last, I was going

to hear the band that had given Mr Donkin his big break so to speak! Zoom Records first release came in a lovely mint condition, soft card sleeve and gave me some promising and at the same time worrying information. First the good news - One of the band is called Dee Robot. Good Punk Rock, REZILLOS type pseudonym. Recorded in the summer of 1977. Perfect! B Side is called "For Adolfs Only". Typical 77 Punk Shock title? The bad news - on the back cover one of 'em is wearing a waistcoat and has long hair! Pub Rock alert! When questioned about them Chris had merely stated "Didn't really know them, seemed like nice guys." I get the impression that THE VALVES were a bit of a Pub Rock band who speeded up a bit and were lumped in the new wave of spotty 'erberts calling themselves Punks, see also EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS. First track then and "Robot Love" is a delightfully bonkers tune that starts off with a half spoken half sang intro: "I'm in love in a robot girrrrrl/She came down from another world/She stepped out of a big brown dome/Zeroed in on ..." Well, to be honest I can't fathom that last line as it's in such a high pitched DICKIES meets the Knights Who Say Ni! style, but you get the picture. We are then treated to some half decent Sci Fi referencing DAMMNED-esque Punk with the odd stop for the spoken word and high pitched histrionics before more punkage. What about the "controversial" sounding flip then? An intro of "Well I got my uniform I'm OK/I can do the goose step any day/Pick up my guitar/Throw in my gun/I'm a 77 Rock N' Roll hun!" and a riotous chorus of "A.D.O.L.F.P.A. Adolph was a piss artist OK" means they're up there with Basil Fawlty in the "don't mention the war" stakes. Cracking tune and more in line with THE SCONEHEADS "Larry Grayson Is A Gestapo Agent" "wackily offensive" humour, rather than the infamous "Belsen Was A Gas" from Rotten and co. And that was that, thought me. Another mystery solved, until me and the family went to the marvellous city of Edinburgh for a bit of a holiday in the summer. Needless to say, as well as looking around the castle, National Museum of Scotland and Mary King's Close, I managed to sniff out a few good quality vinyl emporiums. The highlight was Record Shak on Clerk Street, and as usual I got chatting to the proprietor, after bagging a fine haul of 7" delights. He also had on display some rarities behind the counter, and there sat the "Robot Love" 7" for a tenner. Upon further investigation it turns out he knew someone who knew someone who came across the remaining stock of the bands vinyl output and had some copies of their second 7" going for £15. On holiday. Last day tomorrow. £20 left. No evening meal at the B+B. Charlie expecting her daily holiday ice cream tomorrow. The band pics looked even more Pub Rock. Shirts! Ties! SCARFS! One of 'em even looked like Kev Borrett from PILGER, but with long hair! Wackiness abounded in the hand written lyrics about "Tarzan of the Kings Road". There were so many reasons not to shell out fifteen quid here. We've all been there. The golden rule I have to say though is "Buy it or you will regret it." Pot Noodles for tea tomorrow it is then. The gadgie behind the counter also suggested there was a third EP which didn't have a picture sleeve and is worth the most of the three ... the search continues ... but for now THE VALVES have earned their place in the Hall of Lost Classics From The Punk Rock Wars!

* THE CHEETAHS: Donk's brother Joe's band! They were in Sounds once! (M)

THE THINGS PEOPLE SAY ..

Bit egotistical to tell you some hilarious utterance of mine own, but couldn't resist this one! Me and our lad nipped to the supermarket in Guisborough recently for beer and barbeque stuff. When paying up time came round the lady at the till asked us "Have you got a club card?" Spying my moment with opportunistic glee I replied, "No love, the only card I need is the ace of spades!" Giggled all the way home we did. (M)

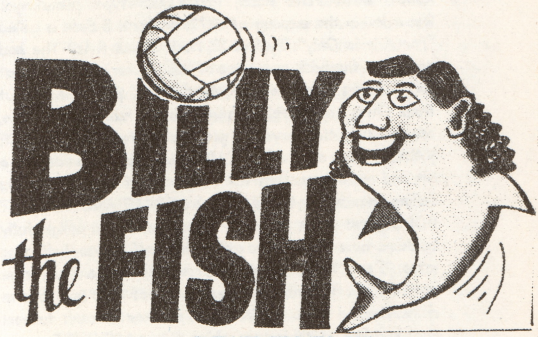
GUMMY DAVE

Gummy Dave was a fat cunt and a shit plain clothes store knob head. He was shit and we all knew it. I think, deep down, he knew it too. Back in the early 1990's, you could still buy albums on vinyl and tapes from a little corner section of the top floor of Oldrids. They got rid of it ages ago, probably because modern pop music is shit and so are the people who buy it. But anyway, CCTV didn't exist back then and we'd often just descended upon the shop en masse to grab handfuls of booty, often to wave it triumphantly at Gummy Dave before fleeing down the stairs that were meant as a fire escape. I dunno if it's still there. It wasn't unheard of to find some pupil or another hocking off copies of "Do The Bartman" for 20p each after having robbed Oldrids of every copy they had on the shelves. Gummy Dave would see you ok enough, but his fat, flabby gut and his inability to put one foot in front of the other for more than 5 yards without him having to have a sit down and wipe the sweat of his brow (and quite possibly his arsecrack) meant that stealing was easy and profitable fom Oldrids. Happy times. Even easier was what was then the newsagents where Peters used to be. You could happily plunder all the wank mags there as the daft old cunt that worked there was as blind as a cunt with his eyes glued shut. These would then, much like the poor-quality "rap" from Bart Simpson, be sold around the class or school at break time. However, after one particularly glorious raid, the teachers were somehow tipped off just before hometime and bags were checked. Whilst the French exchange student was being searched, me and Degsy ran around the back of school behind the changing rooms and past the staff room window and hid our stash by the hedge near the gate. Pierre, stinking of garlic and cheese, would then be the recipient of our stash whilst we were searched. Indeed, it worked a treat as we were all searched and a glaring lack of porn was seized. Meanwhile, Dgesy (who was searched before me) ran around to the bus stop and had a mate stuff all the jazz mages into Pierre's bag whilst he talked to him and listened to him going "Haw Hee Haw" like all French people do. On a side note, we were desperately disappointed to find that, after hearing we would have an exchange student in our class, the first time he came into our class, he wasn't wearing a blue and white stripey jumper with a string of onions around his neck. Anyway, our plan wasn't completely water-tight, as the smelly French cunt got on his bus and went home before we got our stash back. The only joy we did get was to hear that the family that Pierre was staying with (Sarah's family, coz they were posh and had a big garden and 2 dogs and only ate Food from Marks And Spencers), or rather, the mother, found

all the porn when she went to find his lunchbox in order to make his garlic snail sandwiches for the next day. Naturally, the school was informed and Pierre was made a laughing stock because he obviously masturbated. You can't trust these French types you know. They eat frogs, for fucks' sake. We liked bullying Pierre. Or anyone, actually. We were proper bastards like that. "Telling" was the big one, though. "Telling" was the ultimate weapon of the schoolchild. Telling, obviously, being short for "Telling on you". Sometimes, if you saw something that was pure evil (a child walking across the grass when they shouldn't have etc), the only word your body could summon would be a breathless, "telling" and you'd then run in a random direction, usually until you ran into something or found a kid selling porn or copies of "Do The Bartman". Telling can also be used as an effective bullying device. Tell someone younger, smaller than yourself (obviously) that you are 'telling on them', despite the fact that they have done nothing wrong, and they will shit their pants and begin the word "but" around twenty times, a bit like Paul Hardcastle, before hiding. Bizarrely, this technique would also put in the footings for a defensive tactic, too. You'd shout "telling!" at another child before you both sprint to the nearest teacher. But, having got there first, you need to think of something to tell the teacher in order for you to be "telling" on someone, otherwise you just look like a twat who runs around shouting "Telling!" You twat. There was one girl we called Smelly Sarah. We called her that because she was smelly. And she was called Sarah. We were very inventive. The thing with Sarah was that she would go ape if you sang the words to Bros wrong. Once, we sang "When Will I Be Famous" at her, making up words that didn't fit and she cried so much she snotted down her chin. We then sang Adam Ant's "Prince Charming" emphasising the line, "ridicule is nothing to be scared of", complete with dance/arm movements. She punched Gavin and Gavin cried. Gavin got punched more because he got tonked by a smelly girl with snot. And he cried. The girl. The Head Bag Challenge was a game we played when Head Bags were all the rage in the late 1980's /early 1990's. Head bags came in all kinds of designs and colours, but all the kids had them as they were as cool as fuck. The Head Bag Challenge was a tricky operation, as, what you had to do was to fill a childs bag with as much heavy junk as possible without them noticing. One glorious day, just after a class ended, the Ginger girl from Spalding left her luminous pink Head Bag on her desk and went to speak to the teacher while everyone else left the class. We filled her bag with textbooks and reams of paper from the cupboard by the radiator then zipped it up. We watched as she tried to pick the bag up and sling it across her shoulder, but instead squealed as her arm twisted, dropped her bag, tripped over it and face-butted the door. Oh how we laughed. (C)

MARVALIKE OF THE ISSUE

Flicking through Viz recently, one of the few magazines in the newsagents worth buying these days (Razzle has gone down hill of late) I couldn't help notice that I was playing in goal for Fulchester United!



PUT YER TIGHTS ON!

"Oi! You two! Stop messing about and put yer tights on!" said Stinno to me and Oggy as we acted up back stage at the Primary School Christmas play. Mr Stinson was our Primary School teacher and our favourite one 'cos he was a bloke who liked footy, supported Boro (the two it has been said are often contradictory) and took us for togger* practice and ran the team after school. Tonight however there seemed something very wrong and he was putting at risk his "fave teach" position with his request that we put on our tights. The theme for our play type thing this year was a Medieval show where numerous kids dressed as jesters, knights, kings and queens would entertain the assembled parentals for three quarters of an hour. Initially we were excited and all wanted to be a knight in the play so we could have sword fights and stuff. Sadly it was deemed "not what the parents would like to see" though and instead of a blood thirsty death match of wooden swords, lances and shields we had a collection of tumblers, jokes, kings and posh kids playing violins and stuff. What a bag of wank. I wanted to have a big ruck and stick a sword between my arm and side and pretend I'd been stabbed and die a long and drawn out death which come Oscars night would have brought me a gold statue. But we weren't in a film and erm, yeah moving on ... In order to make it authentic and much to the horror of us reprobates, we all had to wear tights! Even the boys! Now I know in these more enlightened times, some boys have been seen wearing tights on a football pitch(!) and even wearing pink(!!) but in North Eastern England in the 70's it just wasn't the done thing. Alas, for historical accuracy we were all press ganged by a combination of mothers and teachers (plus dads taking the piss and calling us names that Paramount Channel dub out of episodes of George and Mildred these days) in to wearing bloody tights with something called a tabard. Sheesh. The performance passed without a hitch except when the tumblers were doing forward rolls and stuff, one banged his head on the stage and Mitch shouted "I bet that hurt". The lad who banged his bonce was a bit of a gumbo and wore really bad National Health Service gegs. "NHS gegs" were the spectacles that folk who couldn't afford to buy their gegs would get on prescription from the NHS. Truly awful aesthetically and although they allowed

the wearer to see properly, they also had an unfortunate side effect. They made the wearer look like a complete spanner and no doubt lead to a "scarred for life" campaign of ridicule. There were no posh gegs in them days and been told you needed to wear glasses was a curse on a par with being the kid who pissed themselves at school. This sort of social suicide happened to a wretched fellow called Flake at the school play once. This time it was an EastEnd cockney pearly kings and queens knees up Muvver Brown themed do. Hearing us lot singing "Let's all go down The Strand" and "The Lambeth Walk" in rough as arse holes Teesside accents must have been a surreal experience for our mams and dads. Flake had one part in it - all he had to do was dress up as a copper complete with plastic helmet and truncheon. At a specific point, all he had to do was bend his knees and say "Ello Ello Ello" as all policemen in London do obviously. That was it. All he had to do was act out a stereotypical copper's catchphrase and he was done. It was the sort of copper who would give you a clip round the ear hole and tell you not to do it again and then you'd run away and say "Cor blimey Guv'nor!". Flake however was not cut out for a life in the thin blue line though and locked himself in the toilets prior to going on stage. Panic ensued as our wimpy class mate holed himself up in the bogs. He was called Flake on account of the fact he could probably be weighed in ounzes and wasn't allowed out when it was windy as he got blown over once and hurt himself. He was renowned for "flakey" performances like this, and upon seeing such bellendery everyone would go "Oh Flaaaaake!" Indeed everyone found it highly amusing that he wouldn't come out and was sat on the lav shouting at everyone who went in to try and coax him out. Snitch had a go, as he was well known as the kid who found it absolutely hilarious to climb up the cubicle walls when you were sitting down on the thog pot and trying to watch you and see what you were doing. I'd have thought it pretty obvious what you were doing, but he always did it. One time he came running out of the bogs jumping and bouncing like a kangaroo on a space hopper shouting "George is wiping his bum with poo paper and then looking at it!" Peculiar boy. George mind was certainly a rum bugger. I remember after a particularly muddy game of togger we all went in the showers and he stood there in his dinosaur Y-Fronts attacking the teacher with a towel for saying he needs to get a shower! Anyway back to the tale of the incarcerated imbecile ... Mrs Almond, who was quite nice and looked after the littlest bairns went in for a word and managed to get him out and in position for his starring role. Sadly it was then that we discovered 'twas not nerves at all that had seen his self imposed toilet exile. As he stood up to do his bit a huge, dark wet patch was visible on the front of his britches. In perfect unison me and Oggy looked it each other (not wearing tights this time) and whispered with barely contained hilarity, "Flake's wassed his pants!" The poor soul never, ever lived it down. A second occurrence of such piddling happened in our prefab classroom once when we had the unusually named Mr Yagima who was more of a disciplinarian than us hooligans were used to and obviously terrified her charges to such an extent that a puddle emerged under the chair of Pee Paw. Now this unfortunate chap was unfortunate for many reasons - firstly he was posh and spoke not just with a plum in his mouth, but the whole fucking tree, secondly he was something of a tortured child genius and was far too clever to be lumped in with buffoons like us lot and thirdly he had a propensity for throwing the most amazingly berserk tantrums if you wound him up. You know what's coming next I assume. Upon discovering the foul smelling puddle beneath Pee Paw's chair everyone started making an ambulance siren sound - Pee Paw Pee Paw Pee Paw - over and over again, the mantra like chant we all sang whenever someone's bladder burst. He had apparently done this before and as a result attracted the afore mentioned nickname of Pee Paw. Chairs flew. Tables went over. Books were yogged at people. Pencils went snap. Pee Paw, as he became known, legged it. Mrs Yagima went suitably ape shit and the Head came to knack us all. I often wonder what happened to this odd little fellow. He's probably a Maths or Science genius who graduated from Oxbridge in to some illustrious career in nuclear physics or writing books that contradict Stephen Hawking. I wonder if ambulance sirens still make him break out in to a cold sweat to this day though ...

* "togger": Come on folks, you know by now that it means football don't you? See also "booter". (M)

BULLY BEEF

Bullying at school was well smart. For some reason, I was pretty much left alone at school, dunno why. I did get into one or two fights at school, but both were bizarre. We had a mental case scouse twat that that looked like an orangutan, who was there for about a year before he ran out of cars to steal, presumably, and left to go to another place of education.

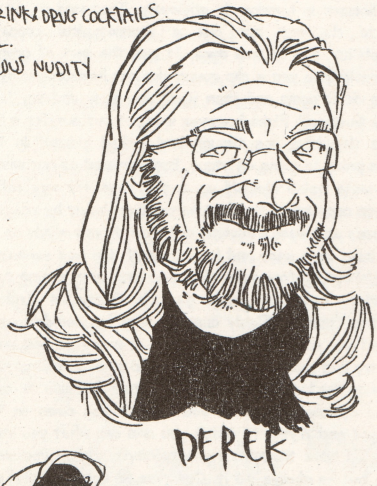
Anyway, one day when we were queuing for the buses, someone shouted "You fat Scouse wanker" from the Spalding bus (an acute observation, as he was indeed fat, scouse and a wanker to boot) and after finishing peeling his latest banana with his feet, he came over to me and started punching me. Somewhat startled at this sudden rush of aggression from the scouse twat that basically understood Ian Rush, Fire and Eating, I defended myself firstly by backing off. He continued to rain punches on me, but much to his acute confusion, Cookie didn't fall down. I don't know why either, actually. Anyway, Mr Baccus the maths teacher just happened to be in the car park at the time, saw the primate beating down on the poor, innocent Cookie and duly grabbed hold of his ear lobe and dragged him into the school. Mr Baccus was a scary teacher with more hair on the backs of his hands than your have on your head and would have spit collect on the sides of his mouth when he got really angry. You didn't fuck with Mr Baccus, coz there were tales about how he put children in those big cricket bags and kicked them - and therefore the child as well - around the tennis courts until they behaved.

Fat Scouse Wanker was duly given detention until 2058 and about 8 million lines to do and I was given a few days of for recovery, as "I was emotionally unstable". I still am, but my boss won't give me the day off, the cunt.

I remember another time, our very own Graham Cantellow hit me in the face, or rather, on the lip to be more accurate, with a skateboard. I can't remember why, but I *do* remember a little while later, when we were fighting, that I developed a habit of punching him with the edge of my outside knuckle, and he hated it and kept running away every time we started fighting. The girl. Honours even, I

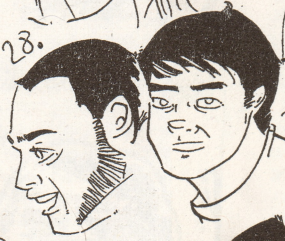
INDIAN

1. LUKE - SON OF DEREK AND TERESA, NOW LIVES SOMEWHERE IN SHEFFIELD.
2. DAZ - PLAYS BASS IN BURNING THE PROSPECT, HAS A LOT OF HAIR.
3. SOPH - LIKES TO PARTY LIKE NO OTHER. WAAY!
4. MARV - AUTHOR OF GADGIE ZINE AND CO-FOUNDER OF 'APE CITY'.
5. COOKIE - AUTHOR OF ITCHY BUM ZINE. DAD LOOKS LIKE CHUCK NORRIS.
6. JOE - EX-BURNING THE PROSPECT/PATIENT ZERO/HAPPY HOSTAGES. DOESN'T LIKE JOHN DEERE TRACTORS.
7. JODIE - PROVIDES FOOD FOR GIGS. IS LOVELY.
8. NEWTON - TAKES PRIDE IN HIS BROAD LINCOLNSHIRE ACCENT.
9. TOMMY - NOTORIOUS FOR HILARIOUS GIG ANTICS. IS CURRENTLY A STRIP-O-GRAM.
10. SAM - EX-JIPWITS. IS NEVER UNKEMPT.
11. MURT - TALL, VERY TALL. AS A RESULT IS ABLE TO CONSUME MANY DRINK/DRUG COCKTAILS.
12. LIANNE - BARMAID AT THE I.Q, LIKES TO BOOGIE. CURRENTLY IN NEPAL.
13. RYAN - USUALLY INVOLVED IN DRUNKEN JAPERY SUCH AS SPONTANEOUS NUDITY.
14. BRADDERS - IS A CHARMER.
15. TOM - QUIET AND MYSTERIOUS
16. AL - DRUMMER EXTRAORDINAIRE
17. STEPH - IS SILLY, BUT SUPER
18. HOLLY HOSTAGE - IS GREAT
A. PAUL - AUTHOR OF INITOMT 2/INC



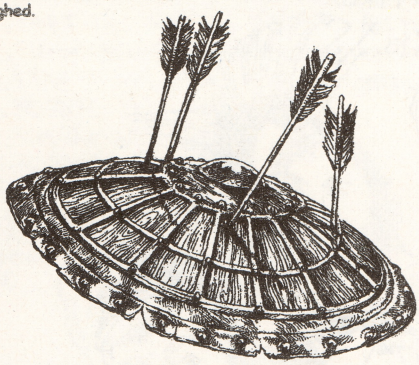
QUEEN

20. NAT - PRONE TO NAKED CROWD-SURFING
21. JIMMY - GUITARIST OF BURNING THE PROSPECT. ENJOYS THE CINEMA OF CLINT EASTWOOD
22. DANNY AFFECTION - PUNK ROCKER
23. LOUISE - CHAIR SURFER.
24. SID - BASSIST OF MANY BANDS. CHEERFUL
25. LUKE - MULTITALENTED MUSICIAN. GUITARIST IN BURNING THE PROSPECT.
26. EDDIE - DREADLOCKED YOUTH
27. HARRY - ENJOYS BEING OBNOXIOUS AND DRUNK. WHO DOESN'T?
28. LEE - OWNER OF SOME SUPERB FACIAL FURNITURE
29. JAY - EX 84DOWN/SLUTPUMPKIN. SMOOTH
30. DANNY - SINGER OF BURNING THE PROSPECT.
31. BT - EX-JIPWITS/60 FAT CLIVE. HAS MANY HATS.
32. MATT - GOOD DRUMMER, GOOD LAD.
33. SAM - GIGGLES 34. GIBBO - GIBBO! 35. MEZ - SWISH 36. LUKE - PARTY? YES.
37. ALEX - PETITE, BUT LOUD
38. MOONEY - BARTENDER.
39. LOUISE - YEAH!



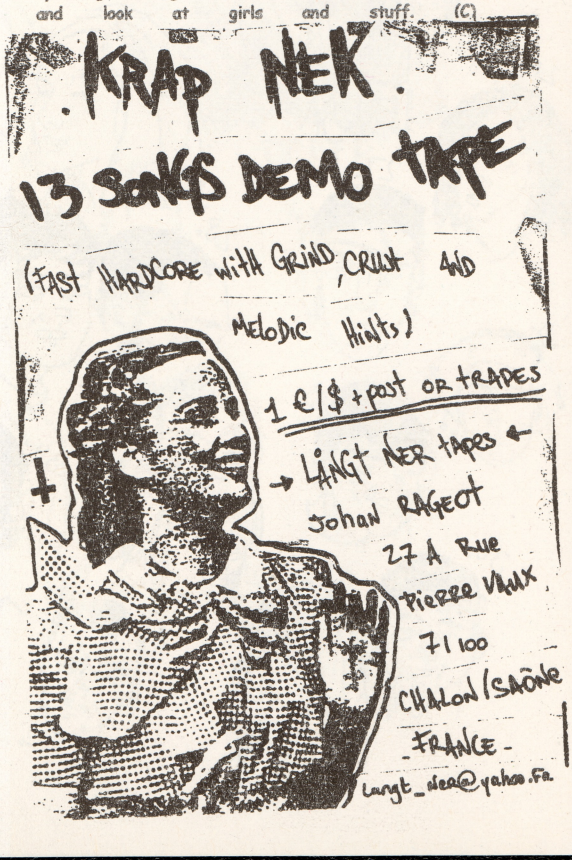
guess.

But anyway, the bullying, yes. It were well smart, especially as we had so many flids and mongs at our school. There was one lad who came to our school who stayed for about 3 terms before disappearing. He had a great big satellite thingy in his ear, because his hearing was fucked, so naturally, he became a target. We would make sure he was around and we'd all start mouthing conversations without making a noise, thereby frustrating the deaf kid. Naturally, he'd start tinkering with his pretend ear and turning the sound up, before pressing the special button on his belt. With a fantastic sense of timing, we'd all begin shouting the very nano-second that his button was pressed. To us, it was funny. To him, a sonic boom had just exploded in his head. Oh how we laughed.



There was also this one right clever bitch. I can't remember her name, but she was right posh. Really hoity-toity. The kind that get out of the bath to fart, know what I mean? One of those types. Well, she was always sucking up to the Home Ec teacher and one day, she made teacher a plate full of cupcakes, or Muffins, as we call them now. Anyway, she put them all neat on a plate and went off somewhere, probably to conjugate Latin verbs or something poncey like that. By the time she got back, all that was on her plate was crumbs and a note, saying, "Ho ho ha, we ate your cupcakes". She cried. We chortled and guffawed. That'll learn the bitch.

We did, naturally, have loads of games we played at break time (it wasn't "playtime", as "playtime" is what the juniors and infants have. We were 13. We were grown up and big and that). There was once a programme on Channel 4 about a game in India or somewhere where loads of half-starved men in nappies with big moustaches played a game that involved chucking a ball at each others legs or something. It was called Kabbidia or something like that. We re-did the rules so that it just involved the two key elements that all teenage boys need to make it fun: Shouting and fighting. It was a great game after that. Completely unconnected to this mildly violent game was music lessons. Music lessons were great. You could muck about as much as you liked and if you were blocked, you insisted that you were "writing abstract music". But the most glorious of all days was when our school was given a dozen brand new Yamaha keyboards. We had SO much fun with those things that you actually enjoyed going to school on Thursdays, as you had double music first thing. That basically amounted to dicking about with buttons on the keyboard. One favourite was to use the demo button, which was basically a shit version of that snooker song that use on BBC. I think it's called "The Entertainer". Well, if you put the tempo on maximum and the volume on maximum, you could have an impromptu rave right there in class. As the teacher grew ever more frantic at the kids in the class throwing shapes and larging it to a hardcore-meets-Benny Hill dance party, she would holler "turn it down!" whereby you'd just jab randomly at buttons (not the "off switch" of course) and make it sound worse. Pleading that "I can't make it stop Miss! I don't know what to do Miss!" but nonetheless jabbing more buttons was good, too. The sound recording option was well smart, too. You could record your voice and by pressing any key on the board, you could be a chipmunk or Barry White, according to which button you pressed. One of the Fifth Years recorded "Fuck It" but forgot to delete it. Naturally, we found it and pressed it over and over, making it go , " F-f-f-f-fu-fu-fuck it fuck it fu f-f-f-fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck it" like an adult version of Paul Hardcastle. The teacher then said that in order to "grow up" she would stand there until we got bored with pressing it. When she said that, I died and went to heaven. I pressed it for the rest of the lesson until it was wrenched out of my hands. There was also a "DJ" button on there that sounded like a failed Rave DJ shouting various words. That button was the coolest button ever. Pressing it made you sound well hard and obviously grown up enough to hang out with the 5th years at break time and look at girls and stuff. (C)



Sammys Fatal Mistake

Sammy's Fatal Mistake are a punk band from Peterborough. They've played the IQ a few times, and a couple of their members used to be in Evil Macaroni who played their quite a bit themselves. So Paul INITONIT decided to interview them - Jordy - guitar, Phil - guitar, Dave - bass and James - drums all answered - and they all do vocals. Check them out at www.myspace.com/gosammysfatalmistake

Members of Sammys first played the IQ as Evil Macaroni, how did that band go down, who your favourite bands to play with?
James- I've never played the IQ with Evil Mac
Dave- I was never in Evil Mac
Phil- They went well, brill, really good in fact. Best bands we played with must be Shatterhand and The Stinking Polecats.
Jordy- Dunno, I was too wasted all the time. I'm fucked on meths right now.

What has been your favourite IQ gig?
Phil- It's got to be when Luke tried to put his cock in Jordy's mouth at an Evil Mac show, that's Boston all over.
Jordy- The worst show was when that band played a Screwdriver song so we started a fight with 'em, Nazi fucks. Can't remember what the band were called, too fucked.

How did Evil Macaroni morph into Sammy's Fatal Mistake?
Dave- Oh for fucks sake! It was all my idea, I couldn't bear the fact that I wasn't in Evil Mac so I spread around nasty rumours about them all so they spilt up. Then I took the best three and sold 'em my arse so I could be in a band with them.

How do you think the IQ rates in comparison to other venues in the UK?
Dave- I got to say, around this area it is one of the best. Reminds me a lot he Sheffield scene.
James- It's a lot better now it's had a lick of paint.
Dave- The Herbal Viagra is too expensive though.
Phil- Yeah, but the Beer Garden's good.

Why do you think that there aren't more punk bands coming out of Peterborough, Boston seems to have as many, yet it is several times smaller?
Dave- Well fuck you then! Haha. Go live in Boston if it's that good.
Phil- It's the classic Peterborough syndrome, I've got it a bit, it makes you lazy.
Dave- Seriously though I think a lot of bands here just want to jump on the trendy bandwagon. They don't want to start a scene, just play the 'rockstar'.

Sammys have a political slant, but a positive one, do you think many political bands lack a positive slant in their lyrics
Jordy- I think positivity is very important. Nobody is going to want to be part of a negative movement. It give things a momentum, you're not going to want to change things if they are not for the better .A lot of bands bang on about how shit things are, it's easy to do that but how about providing an alternative agenda, something to strive for ? That's how change is made. If we stand up and fight for the things we believe in then a change in society can be achieved.... Did that make sense? I'm not sure what's going on.

How did Sammy's first IQ gig go, what is your favourite IQ dance move?
Phil- Alright I think. Wasn't it?
Dave- I had I wicked time, I just wanted to play there again straight away.
Phil- Yeah, it was good. The dancing needs work though.
Jordy- Gibbo's a legend.

ZINE REVIEWS

Fanzines have played a very important role in the Boston Punk scene, but these days I get the feeling people are less interested in buying and reading zines than when GADGIE would fly off the shelves in weeks back in the day. It seems much more fun these days to look on YouTube for films of people shoving things up their arse or summat. Crickey, it's hard enough getting £4 off folk to watch three touring bands ... never mind 50p for a zine. But, if you wanna keep this great Punk Rock tradition going, then check out these reviews and write off - yeah ... write, with a pen - for any that take your fancy! Include an SAE and you'll be loved forever, and will probably get your zine quicker!

NO ZINES = NO SCENE! I will of course place a pound in the cliché box for saying that ...

AGITATE #8

Agitate zine takes me right back to those wonderful days when URKO and I would zoom over to the 1in12 Club in Bradford and see a gig load of raw and brutal crust bands. There would be at least two three people wandering around selling fanzines that looked like this! Stark black and white imagery and uncompromising content including BESTHOVEN, the Norwich anarchists and Scouse crusters AFTER THE MASSACRE. Chuck in some photos of similar bands and you have a fine looking anarcho crust zine for a mere 40p. Get in touch with *Chris, PO BOX 202, SHIPLEY, BD18 3WB, ENGLAND.*

A MULTI STORY TALE OF A CAR PARK NIGHTMARE

Andrew Culture of Beat Motel has long been a fan of GADGIE and we have often exchanged tales of misadventure in the past ... this little pocket size zine is such a missive ... late one night our hero wanders back to the multi story car park to find that, snip, snip, long story cut short, he is trapped in his car till morning! And that's it! Imprisoned in a concrete hell however does funny things to the mind ... sounds like the premise to a horror movie doesn't it? 50p - go to beatmotel.co.uk for more info and the monster that is Beat Motel zine.

A ZINE 4 THE LADIES #1

Hannah from the SoutHCoast Cooking Zine has put together a zine which is more of a project or investigation in to whether or not the female members of our scene face the sexism inherent in wider society, as well as chatting to various folk about their contributions to the scene. A varied assortment of contributors discuss such issues from singer/songwriter types, band members and zinesters to tattoo artists and vegan cookbookers. It's a varied and interesting read as a result of the eclectic nature of the content. To be honest, A Zine For The Ladies (though it does contain responses from a few fellas) does a good job of giving the folk interviewed a chance to talk about what they do more than highlight any sexism within the scene. Isy Morgenmuffel, Chris 12oh5, Debbie TUNGSTEN TIPS, LITTLE FLAGS and Bloody Mary tattoos are just a few of those that responded. Good stuff - not sure if it's a one off, but yours for a quid from *Hannah, PO BOX 1398, SOUTHAMPTON, HANTS, SO16 9WX, ENGLAND.*

BALD CACTUS #25

A half century for Andy and his bald Cactus! Nice one! Some fine bands are rounded up for a grilling this time - Belgium's excellent LA Punx SUNPOWER, straight edge wags GOOD CLEAN FUN and the mighty (and getting pretty famous now) FUCKED UP. OI POLLOI's Deek gives a response to one question about singing in Gaelic, that has probably had more consideration and a higher word count than most bands put in to a whole interview. There's the usual angry out pourings about numerous issues and a look back at two piece bands of the past. Still going strong and still interesting at 25 issues! 50p from *Andy, 145-149 CARDIGAN LANE, LEEDS, LS6 1LJ, ENGLAND.*

BARBIES DEAD #24

Alex is relentless with these A4 DIY zines! The latest issue finds him with a quandary - no more UK SUBS albums to cover (for the minute anyhow) - so he goes back to the first 7"! Blimey "CID" by the Subs was one of the first Punk singles I bought - an "autographed by Charlie Harper" copy for a fiver in a seedy area of Portsmouth. Now I imagine we will have another 25 issues focusing on every UK SUBS single ever! Great stuff! As usual there's the mix you expect of reviews of mainly old style Punk with plenty of local coverage. The Plymouth scene sounds quite lively, as does the local, non league footy that Alex follows. Non league and park footy is where it's at - too true mate. BBP are hauled in for a chat about the long running anarcho tape label and rants about Sofa sales, dogs that menace posties, chewing gum and the ludicrous path the big bucks Premier League is taking football down show Alex's angry side. As ever a really enthusiastic and sincere Punk Rock zine. Send yer 50p to *Alex, WOODHOUSE, THE SQUARE, GUNNISLAKE, CORNWALL, PL18 9BW, ENGLAND.*

BEAT MOTEL #7

As Scanner and Real Overdose have disappeared from the zine radar of late, Ippo Rock City (Ipswich to the rest of us) is represented on the fanzine circuit by Beat Motel, a bumper mix of the serious, the not so serious and the plain stupid. For a quid and an half you get Andrew Culture's wacky humour and plenty of his mates chipping in as well so it falls somewhere between the afore mentioned two zines. Issue 7 sees F451, Indonesian Punk goings on, drunken tales, growing up anecdotes, reviews and plenty of other little nuggets of daftness. Andrew has set up a shop in Ippo with Rikki Red Flag so there hasn't been a new ish for a while, maybe a newie is due soon? Hope so! Andrew Culture can be traced at beatmotel.co.uk or scribbled at via *PO BOX 773, IPSWICH, IP1 9FT, ENGLAND.*

BLACK LESBIAN PRESIDENT #2

New to me and straight outta Cardiff Black Lez Prez is a good looking zine which covers the more melodic side of things and yes, that means I've not heard of most of the bands covered. DEFIANCE OHIO are apparently some banjo picking hippy shit and BLANKETARM, YOU ME AND THE ATOMBOMB and FOUR DUMB KIDS sound as appealing as a Sunderland season ticket to me. STATE RUN give a fine interview mind. Reviews, retrospectives on classic records and thoughts on tattoos and jobs fill the remainder of this neat A4 zine. I can't get the attitude however where the ed says he didn't wanna review other zines as he doesn't really read them! What the ruddy 'eck is that all about? A zine writer who doesn't read zines? What do you say at gigs when you try and flog Black Lez Prez to folk that say "I don't really read them mate ..."? Do you expect other zine writers to read your

zine and review it with that attitude? I don't expext you'll be reading this though so I won't hold my breath for an answer ... send a quid or so if you can be arsed to read a zine to *BLACK LESBIAN PRESIDENT, 14 SPRING GARDENS TERRACE, CARDIFF, CF24 1QX, WALES.*

EMPTY PLAYGROUND #5

Shit music industry metal mag. Glossy pages with a free (and shit music industry metal) CD. SLAYER, LORDI, ENTER SHIKARI, MISERY SIGNALS ... as well as "unsigned bands" and plenty more turd for the ears. Obviously the folk behind this have never read GADGIE ... www.emptyplayground.co.uk

GO. GET. FUCKED./PISS THROW

This is a great split zine which I received in a trade from the awesome Sticky Zine Shop in Melbourne. Go.Get.Fucked. is a confrontational zine not unlike our very own Initonit but with a style where the rants and raves are told as some sort of narrative rather than simply letting off steam, not unlike Dan Buck's writing which the more senior readers of GADGIE may recall. At times sarcastic or ironic and other times scathing this is a fine and intelligent read. Flip over for more of the same in Piss Throw (what charming names these two have) and you find a selection of short and sharp observations on experiences and people which leave a wry grin on your face. (Piss) throw in bits on films and squids and you have a mighty fine fanzine. No music is a good thing sometimes as there's more room for clever and intelligent writing. Great zine. medialynchmob@hotmail.com is the only contact I can see, and I suggest you use it!

JUNK TOWN #6

Second time I've seen this impressive pocket sized zine and the second time I've been impressed. Cover art that is not dis-similar to our own Steve Larder's style, gives way to a Cometbus style of prose. I admit this style is becoming a cliché these days as every "per zine" seems to ape it, but Junk Town does it so well. Autobiographical anecdotes mix well with personal thoughts on all manner of issues from Birth Control to creating a "body of work" via a friend's chickens! Eclectic and original - good stuff. *Weston Wilson, 1344 KALAMATH STREET, DENVER, CO 8020 4, USA* or junktownjacket@hotmail.com.

MASS MOVEMENT #21

Tim's Movements have certainly become monsters and this latest A4 glossy looking, BAD BRAINS on the cover beast is no different. Throw in GWAR and SEND MORE PARAMEDICS and Tim's love of all things 80's and Metaaaal are plain to see. There's far more than that in here though and betwixt the pages of MM you'll find horror movies, comics, wrestling and of course Punk Rock! The army of contributors are an impressive assortment as well - Al Quint, Dr Strange, Ian Glasper, Andrew Culture, George Tabb and erm, Marv Gadgie. This current issue is the strongest yet and if you love 80's thrash/cross over and any of the above mentioned stuff, then there's far too much in here for me to list the lot, just take my word for it and bang a coupla quid in the post to *Tim, PO BOX 193, BRIDGEND, CF31 9BN WALES* or try the webite at www.massmovement.co.uk.

MORGENMUFFEL #16

The mother-in-law rang up the other day and said "Tell Marv that there's something about fanzines on Radio 4 next week!" Lo and behold there was! I tuned in to hear Jarvis Cocker doing a two part expose on the world of the music fanzine. Punk was well represented and Isy from the mighty Morgenmuffel was interviewed! Strange to hear her voice as I've never actually met her but have traded zines for many years now with Isy and her delightfully quirky take on the world of anarcho protests, cooking, travel and whatever else is in her head at the time. In case you have lived under a rock for the last ten years, Morgenmuffel is a zine made up almost completely of cartoons telling tales of Isy's life and issue 16 is no different ... catering at the G8 Summit, the Swaffham Horticultural Fair, climate change, hate lists and favourite things are all covered in a unique fashion this time round and you are missing out if you haven't had your heart stolen by this great zine. Send 80p now to *Isy, PO BOX 74, BRIGHTON, BN1 4ZQ* or email at morningmuffel@yahoo.co.uk.

MOST PUNKS ARE TOTAL ARSEHOLES #3

Passionately working class Punk Rock zine from London here in the vein of Bald Cactus and the likes. Donny Mark puts the (hobnail) boot in to everything around him and does it every time without fail from a class war perspective. LILY fucking ALLEN (total agreement from me mate!) TV, religion in schools, students, THE EXPLOITED and Norman Cook are all lined up and have rotten tomatoes hoyed at 'em. LEFT FOR DEAD, JOE STRUMMER, DEE DEE RAMONE are all featured as is an interesting take on the legalise drugs issue by Damien Dempsey. The usual slew of zines and record reviews top of this defiantly "Pro Working Class Anarchist Zine". Good stuff from *Mark, PO BOX 467, LONDON, E8 3QX, ENGLAND* if you chuck 'im 50p.

NEXT STOP NOWHERE #1

Monk Dave is back! Not heard from Dave since the demise of the monlith that was Fracture, and then out of the blue this impressive little A4 bundle of fun drops in to my lap. The majority of the debut issue features a monster diary of Dave's tour round the States with BLACK COUGAR SHOCK UNIT, a band he championed on his label a while back. There is a certain uncomfortable pleasure to be gained from the sprawling tales of freezing roads, ill health, Nazi girls, bone heads, cancelled or badly organised gigs, near death sounding ill health and blood vessel bursting tantrums. Yes, it really did sound like the tour from hell ... I wonder if they really do look back and laugh at it now. On top of that there's a feature on Mark Bunker and his crusade against Scientology which is pretty fascinating and at the ame time worrying, thrashers SOCIAL SKILLS and Welly's new record shop. It's a fine read and a throwback to the 90's, looking good with Welly's cracking cover, that was until after a particularly rowdy night of drinking at the IQ, my brother, stumbling about knocked a pint of orange juice all over it ... what a lad. Think a pound will do if you email Dave at dave@thenewestindustry.com and ask him for more info.

NOW OR NEVER #13

Without doubt the best issue of the self proclaimed "2nd Worst Anarchist Magazine" that the Norwich Anarchists have put out yet. They've switched from the Class war style newspaper format to an A4 zine and it was a good idea I reckon. Taking potshots at all and sundry - religion, Mac******s, internet spying, the war in Iraq etc - with a healthy dose of humour. Now or Never has a quality professional look to it and the content is equally

impressive in this issue. You'll be reading a serious article on pharmaceutical bad guys and then find a review of Beano or DIY sex aid information! Anarchists and their shoes, Black History in Norwich(!), Home cosmetic surgery, scamming computer games, free masons ... it's a packed issue and features more music this time around - is the BAGGINS AND THE HOMOSEXUALS review and HMV ad for real though or a spoof? Surely not ... Well worth a look for two and an half quid from *PO BOX 487, NORWICH, NORFOLK, NR5 8WE, ENGLAND*.

PUNKER PAGES #1

Punk Rock Yellow Pages! Chris at Record Rebellion has put together this A5 collection of contacts for Punk Rock projects - bands, zines, artists, promoters etc mainly in the UK but with a few further afield. A resource rather than a zine, and although it's not yet How To Book Your Life, it will grow bigger with each new issue if you send in your details! GADGIE's in it, why aren't you!? Free at gigs or from *Chris, 14 PISGAH HOUSE ROAD, BROOMHILL, SHEFFIELD, SOUTH YORKSHIRE, S10 5BJ, ENGLAND*.

ROBOTS AND ELECTRIC BRAINS #17

Obviously a long running zine but completely new to me. I imagine this is because it covers electronic and the more "esoteric" end of music. Plenty of reviews and features of such bippidy boppery and peculiarly interviews with melodic punks GOLD BLADE and the legendary PUBLIC ENEMY. A mixed bag and a free CD full of delightful oddness will either change the way you look at music or give you a coaster for your beer as you get ready to go see UK SUBS yet again ... *R+EB, 133 GREEN END ROAD, CAMBRIDGE, CB4 1RW, ENGLAND* or if you wanna be all Star Trek rebzine@hotmail.com.

RUNNIN' FEART #14

"Scotland's Top Punk Fanzine" is still going strong covering a shed load of bands - SUBHUMANS, THE BOYS, GOGOIL BORDELLO, ACID FASCISTS, TV SMITH, LOWER CLASS BRATS, KING BLUES ... with page after page of interview and reviews. It's looking top notch in the print and presentation stakes these days as well. 100% Punk Fuckin' Rock it says on the cover and that's exactly what you get on the inside! I think the questions could be a bit more imaginative and probing at times though. Wanna bag a copy? Send a quid to *Callum, 12 CRUSADER CRESCENT, STEWARTON, AYRSHIRE, KA3 3BL, SCOTLAND*.

SUSPECT DEVICE #49

Tony and Gaz plough on with the longest running zine in the UK. Another A4 jobbie this time has all the staple contents you'd expect from the veterans of the scene! Main stand out for me was the moving tribute to Lance from J CHURCH who sadly dies recently. I saw him only the once, at Cambridge. Lance had a cold that night and kept apologising for his nasal whine, little knowing that millions of UK bands sound like a nasal American with a cold, but intentionally! Suspect Device is yet another zine that sees fit to invite me to write for it (will they ever learn?) plus all the regular writers and band interviews. DENY EVERYTHING, SMALL ARMS DEALER, the awesome WHOLE IN THE HEAD, SOCIAL PARASITES and the utterly ridiculously named UP, UP, DOWN, DOWN, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, B, A, START. Dan told me this was some cheat for an old Playstation game or summat (he's more with it than I) but to name your band? Sheesh! I reckon you could name your band after the "Boot" cheat on ZX-Spectrum Manic Miner for real kudos in GADGIE. Anyone who knows what I'm talking about, and remembers it(!), will impress me immensely. For everyone else in the world (who wonders what the fuck I'm jibber jabbering about) will just wish to rush out and bag yet another SD zine! Send a letter to *Tony/Gaz, PO BOX 295, SOUTHAMPTON, SO17 1LW, ENGLAND*.

THE NEW WAVE OF CUT N PASTE #5

I like this funny little zine. It has the usual zineage within it's pages but presented in a novel way. All the reviews and interviews are carried out by Clipart characters, which may seem a bit gimmicky but actually adds to the read. Fun fun fun! Sticky Zine Shop from down under are interviewed as is Andy Cactus who gives us the lowdown on the Posties strike (being a postman himself). Colin Grigson is interviewed by a Clipart Mexican bandit and Chillerton get quizzed by a big Clipart dog! Thoughts and opinions abound in the rest of this unique zine! Send 50p to *Toby, GROUND FLOOR, 42 BUCKINGHAM ROAD, BRIGHTON, BN1 3RP, ENGLAND*.

TOILET PAPER #16

Alva from Germany has been trading with us for a while and her zine is always welcome in GADGIE Towers. It has a rather eclectic content ranging from personal thoughts and "perzine" type stuff, observational and anecdotal tales and travel adventures, often with a feminist slant. There is of course Punk Rock 'n all. Zines along these lines can come across as pretentious and hard work, but this particular sheet of Toilet Paper manages to be most readable. Get in touch with Alva and get yersel some bog roll! *Alva, VERDISTR.4, 53115, BONN, GERMANY* or alvad@web.de for you modernists.

YOU CAN'T SAY NO TO HOPE #8/THE COMPUTERS ARE TURNED OFF FOR A REASON #5

Jon's freebie zine continues apace and YCSNTH reaches number 8! As with every issue, in amongst the quick fire thoughts and notes, there's a Why Don't You (showing my age there ...) how to make summat for the wildlife enthusiasts - this time a kestrel box. A quick whiz through local bands you might wanna see from the Coventry/Nuneaton area and we are finished! This time however there's more! TCATOFAR, another long named free zine takes up the second half of this spiit. The South London radical History Group, nostalgic tales (which seem to be cropping up more in zines these days - that is good) and shabby cartoons fill up this festival of free! Ask for some and give 'em to your mates - instant popularity! Willbee2000@aol.com or *Will, 10 NIGHTIINGALE CRESCENT, WEST HORSLEY, SUTRREY, KT24 6PD, ENGLAND* for The Computers ... or *Jon, 71 MERLIN AVENUE, NUNEATON, WARKS, CV10 9JY, ENGLAND* for You Can't ...

YOU STINK AND I DON'T #9

Absolutely brilliant comic type zine from Sticky again. Plenty of piss taking and clever cartoons - Lesson Master, Situation In The Middle East Man, Where's Me Nob, Dr Phwooar ...sometimes silly, sometimes rude, sometimes satirical ... it almost always hits the spot! YSAID is a cracker. Like some other zines reviewed in here this is from STICKY - a fine zine shop in Australia. Drop Luke a line at sticky@platform.org.au and ask about the vast stock he can trade or sell you from around the zine world. They're always after good UK zines to stock!

All reviews by Marv.

NOISE REVIEWS

BEHIND ENEMY LINES
"ONE NATION UNDER THE IRON FIST OF GOD" CD

From the ashes of the almighty AUS ROTTEN arises the anarcho behemoth that is BEHIND ENEMY LINES, and the result is astounding. This 'ere CD contains such a furious and bile spewing wall of rage that it takes me back to the days when I first heard CONFLICT's "Increase The Pressure". BEHIND ENEMY LINES rip out of the starting blocks and absolutely pummel their way through each epic anthem of raw and unrelenting crust with multi vocal lyrical broadsides lashing out at all and sundry. I listened to this shit non stop for a week after buying it and I urge you to do so. The end of the world never sounded so good. Essential for all anarcho crust fans. (M)
PROFANE EXISTENCE RECS, PO BOX 8722, MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55408, USA

BICKLE'S CAB
ADVANCE CD-r of 12"

Rich Cab dropped us a CD-r off last time he passed through these parts of a new 12" from the Sheffield anarcho crust behemoth. On this evidence they've moved from the fast and punchy anarcho stuff to full on blazing crust! Not sure if this out now or what label but if you like it hard and fast (and don't we all) you'll dig this.
No address as it's not the proper 'un but keep an eye out Rich, Pancho et al and ask them ...

THE BLACK MARIAS
"ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR" CD

Faaaachin pank mate, fachin pank rock. I have no idea who to compare this to as I really don't like this sort of stuff, I mean this is really well played & the singer can actually sing, which is a good thing. Reckon if these lot played [or maybe they have] at Wasted/Rebellion/whateveritscalled festival in Blackpool, the punx would love it. [D]
www.theblackmarias.co.uk

BOMBSTRIKE
"LIVETS LAGA SLOCKNAR" 7"

Hailing from Sweden, dressed in black and rolling in to Boston with Pete FLYBLOWN, it was never gonna be a night of sunshine and happiness. That by the way is a good thing. BOMBSTRIKE play gloriously raw and fast crust Punk. The guitars and vocals are a produced here with a bit more treble than most bands of the genre and the gargling razorblades vocals don't go for the big, gruff dog attack either. Sick screaming indeed. Needless to say this went down well in Boston and the patch covered hoodies were swirling around like lunatics. On a school night as well. I don't know. What a carry on. (M)
YELLOW DOG RECS, PO BOX 550 208, 103 72, BERLIN, GERMANY www.yellowdog.de

BRUTAL JUSTICE/KNOTAROT
SPLIT CD

BJ up first. Apparently they started as a joke band, putting in all the HC clichés & then realised people liked em, went on a European tour. Good on em I say! Like I say, old-skool HC with mosh all over the place. I just can't past how the vocals sound like Fred Durst in places. In fact, I think this is pretty terrible [not the Fred Durst bits, they're great]. Knotarot. Where to start? I have no idea. Two Austrians being really wacky. Lap tops. Bleeps. Drum loops. No. [D]
CLEAN IT UP RECORDS www.cleanituprecords.com

CAREER SUICIDE
"INVISIBLE EYES" 12"

Without doubt, one of my favourite bands of the 00's (the noughties?), and after three EP's and two LP's they show no signs of letting up. I think this 12" has been out a while and with only the five tracks was a little steep in price, but sometimes you just want everything by a band. This happens less with me these days as there aren't that many bands that a) actually last long enough to put out more than two records and b) get me as excited in Punk Rock as I was when I first discovered it way back in the mists of time. If any of today's bands can make me feel like I'm 15 again it these fuckers and DIRECT CONTROL. What the 'SUICIDE do is take the classic 80's US Punk sound that so much of us fell in love with and speed it up, bringing a large helping of thrash to the party. This collection of firecrackers has it all - fast and efficient, tight and stripped to the bones, guitar solos and sing-a-longs and of course some killer riffage from Jonah of FUCKED UP. Awesome stuff. So when are they coming to the UK? Hopefully they will, loads of kids will see them and spark a whole new scene of bands playing raw and fast Hardcore exactly like it should be played. Yeah. (M)
www.feralward.com

CIVIL TERROR
"RISING" 7"

Last year a bunch of Utrecht punks named CIVIL TERROR wound up as a last minute addition to the IQ gig diary when a tour date fell through. It was the same night as the annual visitation of UK SUBS to the infamous Axe and Cleaver public house down the road. Oops. Turning up at a post-babysitting-as-Mrs Gadgie-was-at-work hour of about 9.30 I found I'd missed their set, as everyone wanted to go see SUBS so CIVIL TERROR had played early. I wandered over to the Axe with the Dutchies and we discussed many a thing and then enjoyed a riotous SUBS do. A few months on and a marvellous 7" appears in the GADGIE PO Box and slapping it on the turn table makes me even more riled that I missed 'em as it's an absolute blaster! A rat-a-tat-tat machine gun of tough, bad attitude 80's hardcore whose vocalist reminds me of Paul Bearer from SHEER TERROR. It's good that bands are going back to NEGATIVE APPROACH and the like these days and CIVIL TERROR do it most well. Good news to add to this is that they have an even better LP out now - it's the 80's again! Get in there. (M) www.crucialattack.nl

CONSTANT STATE OF TERROR
DEMO CD-R

Straight-up crust Punk is what we have on offer here. You know what you're getting from a quick look at the song titles & the artwork [a soldier in a gas-mask with a ruddy great gun!] The vocals make me think of Severed Head Of State, they come through really well, you can hear every word, which is a good thing in my book! By track 3 [Not In My Name] it's starting to get a bit repetitive but I always think this sort of stuff works far better live anyways. Do you like Doom? Severed Head? You'll like this. Think this is out on 7" too now? [D]
www.constantstateofterror.com

DAMAGED GOODS
S/T 7"

The singer of this lot was in a straight edge band from Belgium a good few years back that I saw in Peterborough once. When I questioned said fellow about this at the gig

he was astounded that I remembered because he couldn't even remember playing there! Anyway, DAMAGED GOODS ripped through a storming set of 80's style Hardcore at the Indian Queen last year and this ace six track, white vinyl belter is a damn fine souvenir. They manage to combine the best elements of straight edge (the fast bits) with the more stripped down raw and fast hardcore style that thankfully people seem to be digging again. I'd get it if I were you. (M)
NOT JUST WORDS RECS, DE KILING 4 - 8651, CK IJLST, THE NETHERLANDS www.njwrecords.com

DESTRUCTORS 666
SHED LOADS of CD's

Tucked away in the vinyl vaults of Gadgie Towers is the "Forces of Law" 7" by an old UK 82 style band called THE DESTRUCTORS. It's pretty solid fare for it's time and gets a spin every so often when I'm in the mood for that sorta thing. Well the two B-side tracks do, not the abysmal "Wild Thing" cover. Apparently they were from Peterborough and recently sort of "reformed", in the sense of one original member has put together a new band under the stage name of DESTRUCTORS 666. A little cheesy I suppose, but the output of the latest incarnation has been nothing short of Herculean. A quick look at the many releases that Rowdy Farrago Recs have put out by these sort of reformed P-Town Punks then ... first up were two CD EPs (their fave format it would appear) one of which was a split with THE RUINED. Taking three of the six tracks each, DESTRUCTOS 666 play some tight UK82 style Punk with a much more melodic update. Bit like THE AMAZING SPACEFROGS. Awful STOOGES cover mind. THE RUINED play pretty corny MISFITS-lite punk, as in "Famous Monsters" MISFITS and not the classic Danzig era stuff. Poo. The second CD was a two track single which was just abysmally bad Horror Rock N Roll rubbish. A split with Spalding(?) based $UP was up next and the happy, boppy ska punk band that Dan put on at the IQ years ago have become utterly shite Kerrap friendly ska/emo/hardcore/white belts and slip ons/ shite/wank/bollocks. THE DESTRUCTORS for their part do no more than plod along on their share of this disc. The vocals are a lot gruffer by now and a split with THE 925s was next up and our 666 friends are at it again with three slick slices of 80's Brit Punk that would suit the Wasted crowd for the hangover slots. THE 925s share a DESTRUCTOR (their drummer it seems is the singer) and they go for a more indie-fied box of quirky tricks with a punchy and edgy guitar sound. Not bad in a new wavey way. Liked it. The Peterborough boys must love THE RUINED as they get another split CD! Unfortunately THE RUINED have gone from bad MISFITS to even worse nu-Metal. Absolute lavatory. DESTRUCTORS 666 should know better really but with two toilet tracks with lyrics that would make a Psychobilly band recoil about Vampire Kisses and Graveyard Stomps ... good lord. FLETCH CADILLAC are next on the roster for a 666 team up and actually have a bit of a Psycho feel mixed with garage punk. DESTRUCTORS have re-record "Forces of Law" on here which is a good song but spoil the fun with a punked up "White Light/White Heat" not the end of the world and a good song to "reinterpret", but they play the bloody thing twice! On a three track set! Crazy! RADICUS are hauled in next for the last split CDEP I have and play bouncy emotive and tuneful punk that the kids will lap up. Me? I'll pass. The obligatory 666 triumvirate of tracks are pretty solid Punk like their better output from this catalogue. Finally - two albums: a mini seven tracker and a full length 17 song set of DESTRUCTORS delights. The mini album's best track is a cover of "Hang On To Yourself" by the grand dame DAVID BOWIE himself. The rest is very meat and two veg punk rock. Their output can be lumped in to two categories - when they go for the ghoulish horror style they are crap, when they play to their 80's Punk roots they are much more interesting, although the artwork is consistently bum. To their credit the 666 crew try a few twists and turns and the full length album, although it contains some of the same tracks from the afore mentioned CDEPs, is the best bet if you wanna take a punt with some pretty solid 80's style UK Punk Rock and dig the likes of DRONGOS FOR EUROPE and co. (M)
www.destructors666.com

DIRTY LOVE
"TRASHED" CD

Filthy, sleazy Rock N Roll from London Town. After the last EP received rave reviews in GADGIE for it's sordid sounding AVENGERS meets NEW YORK DOLLS Punk hullabaloo, Clara sent me a mighty fine new album. Imagine if you will, a cheesy film from the 80's where a straight bloke in a suit gets waylaid and lead on an adventure through the underbelly of the city one night. He's constantly out of his depth with a wild girl (probably Madonna, Melanie Griffiths or if he's lucky, Leah Thompson) and sees sights his 9-to-5-suburban-wife-and-2-kids life shields him from. He'll probably protest about hanging with gangs and stealing booze and drinking it in the street, hell, he may be coerced in to joyriding a Taxi! Without fail the square dude will end up hopelessly out of touch on the dance floor at a club full of Punks, Goths and crazy pierced people. His crazy chaperone will no doubt start dancing like a floozy with him and know everyone in the bar but end up in a fight where it's him who "doesn't want no trouble" but gets paggered. The band that's playing that bar right, while people snort coke and get blow jobs in the bogs, that band right are DIRTY LOVE. Oh yes. (M) www.dirtylove.me.uk

GAUNT
DEMO CD-r

Interesting anarcho band here from Scotland who have a very dense ICONS OF FILTH thing going on. Confrontational lyrics about war, wage slavery, animal rights and a raw sound are all good for me but sadly the production is *too* dense and the vocals barely audible at times. I definitely wanna hear more, but with a better recording please. Bonus points for the "Pay No More Than 50p" label! (M)
17 BANTON PLACE, GLASGOW, G33 4NZ, SCOTLAND
www.myspace.com/gauntscotland

GORILLA ANGREB
"BEDRE TIDER" 12"

Now this next lots a bunch of cuckoos. Danish New Wave loons GORILLA ANGREB have been floating my boat for a good few years now and a clutch of deliciously loopy 7"s clutter a dusty shelf deep in the bowels of the thrash parlour. There's no let up on "Bedre Tider", their latest opus as they jump to the 12" format for five new spiky numbers. Singing in their native tongue gives them an unusual twist to begin with but it's the cranked retro punk

melodies that conjure up images of Penelope Houston fronting a new wave band with day-glo sunglasses and leopard skin everywhere. You could be fooled in to thinking this a reissue of a lost classic, and while they're not quite as catchy as fellow Scandi-Punks KNUGEN FALLER, these new tracks are the most accessible and conventional I've had the pleasure of copping an earful of and that's a good thing. Ringing and dinging Punk Rock. I like. (M) hjerenespind@hotmail.com

THE GREAT ST. LOUIS
"FOREVER NOW" CD

To say this sounds like Social Distortion would be lazy. This sounds like Social Distortion. [D]
JSNTGM RECORDS, PO BOX 1025, BLACKPOOL, FY3 0FA, ENGLAND www.jsntgm.com

DIK GURU
"URBAN FOLK" CD

You should buy this CD just for the genius lyrics. I actually lolled [yes I said lolled] whilst listening to this. I have no idea about this sort of thing, acoustic.....stuff. But the story telling is really witty & to the point. I'd like to drink beer with this guy & let him tell me stories. Can't see it getting much rotation in my house but it is a good laugh. Everyone knows a 'Bullshit Bob'! [D]
www.punkshitrecords.stigon.com

HERO DISHONEST
"WHEN THE SHIT HITS THE MAN" CD

Crikey. These ferocious Finns are still going strong and this CD, their fourth full lengther is the strongest material I've heard from 'em yet. Despite slimming down to just the single vocalist the power of HERO DISHONEST remains undimmed. The band sound as if they are really enjoying playing here and have forged a style that straddles a number of hardcore genres. This might be an odd thing to say, but they have a clean cut crust sound that takes in 90's UK bands like SAWN OFF or URKO but artfully blends it with a canny melodic rocking sense that the likes of fellow Finns ENDSTAND encouraged us all to embrace. Apparently they are touring the UK in 2008 and on the strength of this release I'd recommend you put 'em on in your town or go see HERO DISHONEST as they are at the top of their game here. (M)
COMBAT ROCK INDUSTRY, PO BOX 65, 11101 RIIHIMAKI, FINLAND www.combatrockindustry.net

KRAP NEK
DEMO TAPE

I got this treat the old way. A tatty flier fell out of a record and zine order one day and I wrote off to France, offering a couple of zines in trade, intrigued by the prospect of a "power violence" band putting out a cassette demo on a tape label! Jinkees! It's like 1994 happening all over again. Sure enough, a few weeks later, a small parcel pops through the door, and not only has a KRAP NEK demo tape in but loads more fliers and a four way split tape of similarly obscure and harsh sounding bands from New Zealand and France! With names like WORKSHY and TENTACLES OF DESTRUCTION you know that this wasn't gonna be pretty. In a good way. Anyway - is the music as retro as the method in which 'twas acquired? Yes, but beautifully so. French thrashers KRAP NEK play the power violence game to a tee. Raw and caustic production gives the throat shredding vocals an even more horrific effect, not unlike HELLNATION et al. Musically the classic components are in place - slow, crust parts, fast punk parts and lunatic fast thrash parts. If you long for the days of hunting down 5" green vinyl that played backwards on Slap A Ham Records you'll love this crazy shit! Ask about the four way jobbie as well - more of the same plus raw as hell grindcore! (M)
LANGT NER TAPES, c/o JOHAN RAGEOT, 27 A RUE PIERRE VAUX, 71100 CHALON SUR SAONE, FRANCE

MILLOY
"MORE THAN A MACHINE" CD

Milloy. A band I've always seen around but never managed to hear anything by, so I'm going into this with new ears. First thing that strikes me about this band are the vocals. Really distinctive in a Frankie Stubbs kind of way but not really sounding like him if you get me. I really like the vocals here, carrying the songs really well. Not saying the songs don't work but the vocals really do set this apart from other gruff punk stuff. Yeah, I reckon if you like HWM's later output, you may well find something you like here. [D]
HOUSEHOLD NAME RECORDS, PO BOX 12286, LONDON, SW9 6FE, ENGLAND www.householdnamerecords.co.uk

MISFITS
"LIVE MAX'S KANSAS CITY DEC 20TH 1978""

Bizarrely, I found this on the market stall in Boston that sells second hand records, CD's and DVD's. It said "New" on the sticker and purely for the novelty of finding a MISFITS LP, albeit a boot, on the market I parted with the dosh. One of the other reasons I was tempted with this cheeky little number was the date and venue of the gig. Max's Kansas City on December 20th 1978. The legendary New York venue and THE MISFITS at the peak of their powers. At Christmas! Gotta be a winner eh? The set is a greatest hits job really with blazing versions of "Attitude", "We Are 138", "Teenagers From Mars", "TV Casualty" and more. I suppose it reads like a wet dream to those of us who will have to make do with the carry on that is "THE MISFITS" today. If that wasn't enough you get "Blue Christmas" chucked in as a bonus treat! As always with bootlegs it's really a question of how listenable the recording is - here I would say it's marginally better than "Fans Only" but you'd be better off finding that coffin box set if you wanna hear what a great band MISFITS truly were. (M)
NO ADDRESS

MIA RIDDLE/JAMES BLACK
SPLIT CD

Acoustic loveliness on offer here. Mia Riddle could tell me I had 3 seconds left before my bollocks burst into flames, consuming my mind, body & soul. I wouldn't care if she told me in song, she is THAT soothing! 'Thunder Storm' makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand up, truly beautiful. James Black had the dubious honour of being the first out of towner to play acoustic in the IQ, in the main bar nonetheless! He was shitting it, but needn't have worried as he soon had everyone eating out of the palm of his hand! On this CD, James is playing electric guitar & the obvious comparison is Billy Bragg. Having seen James live, this CD doesn't live up to the performance he put on, something seems missing to me. The songs are there, I know that, but this side of the split doesn't do it as much for me. Still worth picking up. [D]

CLEAN IT UP RECORDS www.cleanituprecords.com

SCREWED UP FLYER

DEMO CD-r

A new band, but more of the same, in reality from the ashes of PILGER who played tight and efficient 80's Hardcore not unlike GOI or SEVEN SECONDS et al. PILGER were a great band and this new incarnation (as vocalist Phil has flew away to Canada) come speeding out of the traps with a machine gun of rat-a-tat-tat positive Hardcore. Good stuff and no doubt they'll be gigging all over the UK soon. (M) screwedupflyer@hotmail.com

SOCIAL SKILLS

DEMO 2

Had this a while now and not sure if they've split or put more out or what, but this Cardiff band certainly kick out a short, sharp shock of FLEX YOUR HEAD style Hardcore. Five tracks whiz by in minutes and with the odd stompalong moment are an enjoyable thrash about. With a more beefed up production these lot could be a top notch night out! (M)

www.purevolume.com/socialskills

STATE RUN

S/T 12"

Bit late with this review as I think the band were defunct by the time it came out, but it shows a great improvement on the 7" they put out a while back. STATE RUN were a young band playing the clean sounding style of Hardcore that is furnished with descriptions such as "passionate" or "sincere". Regular readers will also know that I know bugger all about this sorta thing, but to me I reckon if you like I ADAPT or IMBALANCE you'll dig these lot. Nice hand made artwork and they were kind enough to bang a discography CD in with this. I'm sure the talents on this 12" will be back soon in some other form. (M)

STATE RUN RECORDS/JON MOHAJER, 9 TERN ROAD, PORTHCRAWL, BRIDGEND, CF36 3TS, WALES jonmohajer1@gmail.com

STOKOE

"THE EXPERIMENT HAS BEEN A COMPLETE & UTTER FAILURE" CD

Nice safe jangly poppy stuff. It's ok, just doesn't really kick in. The vocals are really whiny & start to annoy me after about 4 seconds. Guitars sound really nice though. No. Next. [D]

BOSS TUNEAGE RECORDSS, PO BOX 74, SANDY, BEDFORDSHIRE, SG19 2WB, ENGLAND

RUSS SUBSTANCE

"THE SAFEST PLACE TO HIDE A BOOK" CD

Russ of popular thrash combo NO SUBSTANCE is indeed a brave man. Hailing from the SoutHCoast, he hath reached these parts on a number of occasions with NO SUBSTANCE but when he booked an "acoustic show" at the pit of crustiness that is Ape City HQ, eyebrows were raised. Standing alone with only an acoustic guitar one Sunday night in the bar, and nary a microphone in sight, he entertained the drunken crowd with an impressive selection of singery songwritery type bloke with a guitar stuff. The obvious reference is BILLY BRAGG both vocal wise and lyrically. The acoustic strumming has a real intensity and lyrically Russ comes across in the same way as classic BOB DYLAN or WOODY GUTHRIE. "All I got is a red guitar, three chords and the truth". There's even a hint of the late, great KIRSTY MacCOLL in the song writing and this was backed up by a belting cover of the BRAGG penned Kirsty classic "New England". Some drunken buffoon sat at the bar singing along clearly was enjoying himself. Ahem. I am sure you can imagine the abuse and heckling he received - blimey, you should have seen what Luke had to say when THE WEDNESDAYS brought a keyboard to town, but I digress ... Russ actually won us over and got more abuse for not playing any more at the end! You just can't win some times. Can you? (M)

www.atthelibraryrecords.co.uk

SUNPOWER

S/T LP

Last summer, these wild Belgians came to town for a return visit to the world famous Indian Queen. It was one of those nights where the IQ just well, "goes off". There are not as many these days as there once was, but when SUNPOWER are in town, the kids go berserk. I even found myself in the pit grabbing the microphone and appearing on many people's photo collection in an extreme state of "Old Enough To Know Better". The set this ferocious foursome knocked out was a healthy mix of MISFITS, CIRCLE JERKS and DEAD KENNEDYS. Shame no ZERO BOYS but let's not be greedy and ungrateful eh? Those cover versions are a clear indication of where in Belgium these lot come from. Los Angeles. The album then is an absolute corker. There really aren't enough *new* bands doing this sort of thing these days, which makes me appreciate the marvellous noises that SUNPOWER make even more. The guitarist is a PE Teacher as well - get in there! Their second LP has just hit the shelves and is also worth a look with gatefold sleeve featuring a particularly raucous Boston gig in the art work. And it sounds like ... ? Ditto all the above but with even more of a DEAD KENNEDYS feel. Top band! (M)

peterbower@alcoholic.co.uk

THE SWORD

S/T CD

Here is a UK band playing the oh-so-popular style of 'gruff punk'. In the promo gumph that came with the CD, it tells me this is the other half of Joe Ninety [the other half went on to form The Dauntless Elite] & a member of Dugong. It also says it's 'the best melodic punk-rock album you've ever heard...' Well it isn't as good as 'The Don Ramos Players' record, it's not as good as anything Last Under The Sun have released & it's not as good as Milloy. It's ok but it's not making my bollocks tingle. So there. [D]

CLEAN IT UP RECORDS www.cleanituprecords.com

TEENAGE CASKET COMPANY

"EAT YOUR HEART OUT" CDEP

Radio-friendly pop-rock. The singer sounds like the singer from Def Leopard to me! Reckon my mam might like this. Sounds like I'm being harsh but it's not *that* bad. It's just really, really....safe. Loads of vocal harmonies, back-ups & 'whoooooaaaaas'. Jamie from Panic/The Dangerfields plays guitar in this band & the song he wrote the lyrics to, 'Eat Your Heart Out', really comes through as the stand out track to me. Like how Panic would've sounded with beefed up production. If I'd heard a bit more of The Wildhearts, I'd make that comparison. But I haven't. So I'll just shut up. [D]

www.trashpitmagazine.co.uk

TV SMITH
"MISINFORMATION OVERLOAD" CD

Sounds like Social Distortion but nowhere near as good. M'eh. [D]

BOSS TUNEAGE RECORDSS, PO BOX 74, SANDY, BEDFORDSHIRE, SG19 2WB, ENGLAND

V/A
SPERMBIRDS TRIBUTE 7"

Tribute records are a bit of a funny one. Do people buy them because they are fans of the band being tributed or the bands playing the songs? Or both? You can choose for yourself - do you wish to hear six Peter Bower bands cover a SPERMBIRDS tune each or would you be better off getting "Something To Prove" and treating your lugs to the real thing? LOWLIFE UK kick us off then with "Lights Out" which was actually an ANGRY SAMOANS number that SPERMBIRDS covered. Solid version here of a great song. TV PARTY do a reasonable job of "You're Not A Punk"; SWELLBELLYS bludgeon "Something To Prove" in their usual unsubtle manner; BICKLE'S CAB strangely do a later song ("Waiting For The Bomb To Drop") from the awful "Eating Glass" LP and make it sound like a BICKLE'S CAB song! An improvement! BURN SUBVERT DESTROY take on "Me And My People" with great banging and crashing results. If anyone is qualified to cover this style of Punk then the mighty SUNPOWER are and they rip in to a serrated version of singalong anthem "My God Rides A Skateboard". It's worth a look but if you haven't got the classic "Something To Prove" LP I'd look for that as well and you've no excuse as Boss Tuneage put out a CD reissue last year. (M)

£3 POST PETER BOWER RECORDS, 10 SOMERDALE WALK, BRAMLEY, LEEDS, LS13 4SF, ENGLAND peterbower@alcoholic.co.uk

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"PUNK ROCK! 20 CLASSIC PUNK BANDS FROM THE WORLD OF MYSTIC RECORDS" CD COMPILATION

I chanced upon a review of this nifty CD compilation in, of all places Record Collector and went forth to seek out said disc. Bagging it for a not to be sneezed at fiver I thought my luck was in, and let me tell you this, it ruddy well was. Mystic Records is/was a label from Hollywood that specialised in putting out fast, rude and aggressive Hardcore Punk back in that golden era of the early 80's. As a number of these songs are confined to a select bunch of collectors nowadays with more money than sense and an unhealthy obsession with internet auction sites, this CD is a welcome chance for us mere mortals to hear some classic punk rock. Some cuts are familiar to me in terms of the band name but not the tunes - I wonder how many NOFX fans have heard "Mom's Rules" and if SUICIDAL TENDENCIES consider "I Saw Your Mommy" one of their finest? GOVERNMENT ISSUE, JFA, DR KNOW and WHITE FLAG are all included but it's the lesser known acts that are the real nuggets. "Faggot In The Family" by ARYAN DISGRACE is a reminder that we are talking a different time and place in the history of Punk. The days when Punks were the real outsiders and, revelling in that status, set their stall out to be as objectionable and offensive as possible are long gone now and you couldn't get away with such shit these days. The era seemed to produce a scarily large amount of lunatics influenced by the new wave of vicious slasher films that was emerging, drugs, alcohol, the self destructive rabble rousing trouble causing Punk Rock lifestyle and the fast no frills charisma of IGGY POP and the likes. A golden era indeed! This plays like a soundtrack to a "Suburbia" sequel. DOGGY STYLE are a more goofy affair and WHITE PIGS and SCARED STRAIGHT play the short sharp shock approach and blast through vaguely metallic early thrash whereas the influence of the likes of THE GERMS and CIRCLE JERKS abound elsewhere. If you've an interest in the likes of THE GERMS, ANGRY SAMOANS and CIRCLE JERKS but wanna dig deeper this is a top notch, and cheap, place to start! (M)

www.varesevintage.com

VISUAL OFFENCE
"ASSAULT" CD

I got a demo by these lot a few years ago & it was terrible. Wasn't looking good then. The first track 'Back A Step' hits you in the face like a pick-axe, full on raging punk rock. Then after the first song, it doesn't let up! It's messy & really in your face. Proper punk rock. I bet these are killer live. Bit one dimensional, but fuck it. Kid's going off is a good thing in my book. [D]

A Fine City www.myspace.com/visualoffence

WAR ALL THE TIME/WHOLE IN THE HEAD
SPLIT 7"

In amongst the numerous shit bands, bandwagon jumpers and record label wannabes it's great that the spirit of raw, unrelenting DIY Punk Rock is still alive and well and who better to bring us a raging slab of noise than these veterans of the UK scene. First up we have WAR ALL THE TIME who play intense and raging crust straight outta the 80's. Rob KITO has joined the remnants of BOXED IN to deliver his dry and rasping vocal that compliments Dingo, Sned and Ash's wall of carnage. We are all getting older but it's damn fine to know that this lot are not getting any slower. As with BOXED IN it's a combination of Scandanavian devastation and raw British 80's stuff like RIPCHORD. Awesome. Flip over and you have the SouthCoast equivalent. Alan Growbag, once of the infamous CHINEAPPLE PUNX has joined forces with members of NO SUBSTANCE, PARADE OF ENEMIES and so on. Taking a more anarcho approach WHOLE IN THE HEAD come up with an odd mix of power violence and crusty anarcho Punk. It works mind and it works very well. A monster split record, the sort you don't see often enough in the UK scene at the minute. Play more like that one. (M)

www.crimesceneerecords.co.uk

WAR ALL THE TIME/ THE HORROR
SPLIT 7"

The WAR ALL THE TIME battle tank rolls on with four more crushing assaults on the senses. The four piece manage to create such a dense sound with equally bleak lyrical haikus they are without parallel in the UK today at this sort of dark and oppressive noise. Beautiful. I love it. As for THE HORROR, I believe these to be probably the best Hardcore band hands down in the UK today. They've refined the hard hitting Boston sound in to a sleek and fat free power house. Absolutely ferocious fucking Hardcore with Andy's typically clever lyrics, THE HORROR are fucking great. They are even better live and you should go see them. (M)

ZANDOR RECORDS, C/O THE CARDIGAN CENTRE, 145-149 CARDIGAN ROAD, LEEDS, LS6 1LJ, ENGLAND teamxzandor@yahoo.co.uk

WHITE FLAG
"R IS FOR ROCKET" LP

I've always been intrigued by WHITE FLAG and collected together bits and bobs on compilations here and there so when I picked up this bootleg looking full lengther from Sonic Sounds in Lincoln - worth a look if ever you venture to the City of Swans - I eagerly rushed home and dropped the needle. Well, after having a look round the castle and comic shop and having dinner out with the little 'un that is. Seemingly from the arse end of Nowhere, USA, WHITE FLAG looked absolutely ridiculous and at the same time absolutely fantastic. Musically they are even more erratic on this admittedly patchy collection of early out takes, zany covers and live cuts. When they played it properly they were clearly on to something good and blast through some super fast and tight LA style, obnoxious punk. Not all the songs are rampant punk outs though and the more "art damaged" (their words) stuff is hit and miss, and as for the "wacky" covers, they're just shit. Side A has the "Lost 1982 First LP" followed by a ropey band of out takes. The flip side is a rather calamitous recording of the FLAG's first ever gig at hometown Sunnymead in the summer of 1982. One for the completists but as WHITE FLAG records are not exactly everywhere you look, worth picking up as an introduction to an under rated band of deviants. (M)

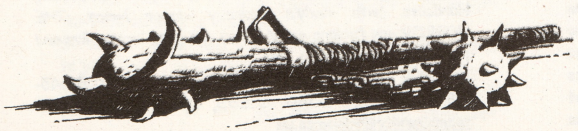
WORKER AND PARASITE/THE MOTHERFUCKERS SPLIT 7"

What sort of band curses itself with a name like THE MOTHERFUCKERS? Well, THE MOTHERFUCKERS have and they take up one side of this split 7" with their ramshackle and vaguely thrashy Hardcore that is pretty non descript and didn't move me in the way the second side did. WORKER AND PARASITE are a ridiculously fast thrash band, straight outta erm, Guildford and are a bit like PATIENT ZERO when they still listened to LIMP WRIST. Great fast fun. I like fast. No lyrics or band info in here though which was a shame as I'm sure they have summat to say but there's no chance your gonna hear the lyrics! Both bands also appear on the "No Sleep 'Til Guildford" compilation 7" alongside DEAD SEA FUCKING SCROLLS, CRASH THE POSE and MAN DOWN, which is also worth a look if you too like fast things. (M) keepscreamingrecords@hotmail.com for the split and www.myspace.com/squintyjoerecords for the comp.

ZATOPEKS
"DAMN FOOL MUSIC" CD

As soon as I saw Jerry Hormone's name mentioned on the inlay, I knew what this was gonna sound like & guess what, I was right. Sugary pop punk like The Apers/Weasel/Ramones. It's OK, not original but I'm guessing these guys don't care about that. Certainly better than some bands that do this kind of stuff. Worth a punt if you like the aforementioned bands. [D]

HOUSEHOLD NAME RECORDS, PO BOX 12286, LONDON, SW9 6FE, ENGLAND www.householdnamerecords.co.uk



BUT AFTER THE GIG ..

The 'kids' at our gigs are always saying that they want to put on a gig in the IQ, but wouldn't really know how to go about it. So I thought I'd write how I do it. I've only read one other article like this & it was full of rubbish regarding guarantees & stuff. I suggest if a band asks for a ridiculous guarantee, tell them to do one & send them to the axe, or some other shit rock pub.

Bands.

What tends to happen is bands will email/phone me or vice-versa. If you want to put on a band, get in touch. If they are a touring band or whatever, they may well contact you [touring bands often tour with other bands, but you will still need to get another band/local band if you want one]. If this is the case, they'll most likely have a date in mind that they need filling. In which case...

Book the venue.

If the band has a date in mind, you need to check with the venue BEFORE you say you can do the gig. Once the venue has said either way, let the band[s] know. If you have asked a band to do a gig for you, it's probably best to pencil it in the diary. Once the band gets back to you, contact the venue & confirm. You don't want bands turning up on gig night to find that there's no one to work the bar or whatever...

Requirements.

If a band is touring, it's very important you sort out 2 things:

1. FOOD: Feed the bands. Chances are, if they've been on a DIY tour, they've not made any money & can't afford to eat. Best check if any of them are veggie/vegan or have any other dietary requirements
2. SLEEP SPACE: Sleep when your dead may be a motto for Jimmy, but normal people like sleeping. Especially if they've been driving all day then playing gigs.

If the band is just coming from an hour up the road or whatever, food & sleeping space isn't always necessary. But just keep in contact with the bands through email & phone calls & work it out.

Equipment.

For a typical gig, you need the following:

- Drum kit & stands
- Bass amp [combo or head & cabs]
- Guitar amps [combo or head & cab]
- PA system [inc. speakers & speaker leads]
- Microphones [& leads. May need more than one]
- Extension leads from main plug sockets

Touring bands will usually have all this stuff with them. Again, it's a case of keeping in contact with the bands & knowing what you can & can't use. If it's a 'one off' gig where your just putting on some bands you want to see, book a local band that will help out with the back-line.

It's important to get ALL bands to bring breakables [Snare drum, bass pedal, cymbals, drum sticks, guitar & bass heads etc]. Most bands know this [unless you're the Valhalla Pacifists & don't have any equipment cos you spent all your money on cheap drugs].

Fliers/promotion.

So you've got the bands & the venue sorted, now you need to get people through the door to shout at the bands. The best way still seems to be fliers. Most promoters I've

come across will do a large poster & smaller hand fliers for gigs. On the flier there needs to be the following info:

- Bands playing & description
- Date of gig
- Time doors will open/first band will go on
- How much it will cost to get in
- Address of venue
- Telephone no. of venue/you for travelling punks
- Email address/contact for you to give directions etc.

I tend to put up to 4 posters in the venue [2 in the windows is minimum & is really enough]. You can also put them in places like local record shops & places where the 'clientele' frequent. Hand fliers I always have some on me, leave some in the venue & other places like record shops. Sending them to other 'scenes' & gigs is also a good idea.

You should also post gig details up on message boards & communities [places like bostonnotboston.tk, myspace & any others you can find]. Local press may or may not put your gigs in their listings pages. Basically, tell anyone you think may be interested. Word of mouth works!

Show time!

On the night of the gig, you need someone on the door, to take the money from the punters. When I do gigs, I like to have a friend help me out with the PA & making sure the bands are all cool for equipment & stuff. You can't do the door & the other stuff at the same time.

Hopefully, your gig will go without a hitch [which is rare!] & now you've got to **PAY THE BANDS!**

One of the most important things with putting on a gig is communication. Make sure the bands know your situation [if it's a DIY gig, let them know that they will get paid a fair share of the door.] If we have a really good night, we try & put a tenner or so into a pot in case sometime in the future, we have a bad turnout or a broken mic or whatever. All other money [apart from costs] goes to the bands.

I hope that this has helped out anyone who wants to do a gig. I'm not saying this is the only way to do it, but this is the only way I know. One thing I do know is this, if you don't put on a gig, no one else will do it for you.

I've never dealt with a manager or booking agent, so I don't know about that side. All I can say is I know people who have & they say they never will again. Fuck the industry side & keep punk rock for & by the punks!

If you need any more info on anything I have or haven't covered in this, get in touch!

Boston always seems to get a bad rap. OK, maybe it's not the nicest place to live, but there is stuff to do & things to see if you ever get stuck here. Like me. Marv did a brief version of this to send to bands if they get stuck here before a gig or whatever. This might be biased, but I don't really care. I'm hardly going to go to places I couldn't care less about, am I?

I guess a good staring point would be the Market Place. Find the Statue near the massive church [or the Stump as it's known].

If you're stood next to the statue, you wont be able to miss the **Stump**, or St. Botolphs church, to give it its official title. Apparently this didn't get bombed in the Second World War because it was used as a landmark. You can pay [I think it's around £3 but don't hold me to that] to climb the stairs & go up to one of the balconies. I've never done it, I know it's a long fucking way up, but apparently the view [on a clear day] is totally worth it.

Look across the market place & you will see the Nationwide Building Society. Between there & Millets, is Dolphin Lane, home of the **Indian Queen**. The IQ is base of operations for the Ape City Army & Right To Refuse Collective. All punk gigs in Boston happen here. Even if there are no gigs planned, you will find some of the punks in there most nights of the week, usually in the back room playing pool. The landlord & lady, Derek & Theresa are living legends, so if there is no one about, you could waste hours in worse places.

Crumbs Café is a little further down Dolphin Lane. It's always full of old people, but I went here once or twice with my mum & it seemed friendly enough. Daz gives it the thumbs up, mind.

Contrary to popular belief, Boston is not completely in the dark ages. There is an **Internet Café in Pump Square**. I think they sell some sort of refreshments; else it wouldn't be an Internet café, would it? To get here, walk down Dolphin Lane & keep walking until you get to the end. On the left there is a second-hand bookshop that might be worth checking out & in front of you is Pump Square. The café is located in the far right hand corner, next to the bike shop [where I got some bits for my bike from & they seemed reasonably priced].

Beijing Buffet is pretty much opposite Nationwide & is a chip shop downstairs & Chinese restaurant & take away upstairs. Upstairs is a regular haunt of Jimmy, Soph & Gibbard. I think you get a plastic tub with a lid in small or large. Large is about £4 for all you can ram in. They also do an all-you-can-eat buffet for £5.50.

Never Mind The Music Store, Church Street is the only independent record shop in the town & is owned & run by Gareth. This is also a cool place to hang out & listen to Gareths various conspiracy theories & listen to some music. It's definitely worth having a chat with Gareth if you get some spare time. He stocks all musical genres, clothes, shoes, films & all kinds of other shit. This store rules. Gareth sold a CD we put out & didn't take any money off us for the privilege, just because he is a nice bloke. Go from the statue & walk past the Lloyds bank. Turn right in between the bank & the coffee shop [Church Lane] towards the footbridge. Once you get to the Boston Standard office on your left, turn left onto the cobbled street. You should be able to see the yellow front of Never Mind from here. There is still the Raleigh bike sign hung up outside the shop, from the previous proprietors.

Churches Café, Church Street is a couple of doors down from Never Mind. I once went here & they had an awesome Thai Green Curry on the menu, as well as some other Veg stuff. There is also a selection of tea & coffee on the menu.

The Guildhall is a museum, but I haven't been in here since I was at primary school, so I don't know how much it is or even what's in here. But I guess if you're really interested you could find out. Go from the statue & cross over toward the Nationwide. Turn right [heading away from the pedestrian shopping precinct] & keep walking. You will pass Millets, The Boston Still [Pub] & Boots. Keep walking & the Quayside is on your right & eventually the road narrows & the Guildhall is there on your left.

Central Park is cool if you have no money & no inclination to really do anything apart from waste time drinking,

smoking & just hanging out. There are some toilets with cubicles that you could skin up in or whatever. They used to be pretty dodgy [people caught shooting up I think it was], but I'm not so sure if they are still. Consider yourself warned from Uncle Dan. To get here, head down the shopping precinct & keep going until you see cars again. Pound Land is on your left. Stay on the left hand side. Once you get to the Post Office, take a left past it & the park gates are directly in front of you.

Roadhouse Music Store is the best place to buy instruments, strings & other bits for musicians. The guys in there really know what they're talking about & don't try & rip you off or anything. You need to walk right down the shopping precinct until you can see the War memorial. Then keep walking on the left hand side, past the road leading to Central Park, [there is a post office, Lloyds TSB bank bla bla] until you come to a crossing at Coney's. Cross the road, walk past Iceland & keep going. Eventually you will come to another crossing, just past the roundabout. Cross over here, walk past the opticians & round the corner you will find Roadhouse.

Boston is a historic market town, so on a Wednesday & a Saturday, it's **Market** day. You can literally buy anything here at a decent price. There is also the big green caravan where the Lukes like to go to get an 'egg in a bap' & a cup of tea after an all-nighter in the IQ. There is a stall selling everything you need to smoke your brains out [bar the smoke] & other assorted paraphernalia. The second-hand record stall is always worth a look. But the market is constantly evolving, so it's worth just exploring & seeing what you find.

Boston Kebab House, High Street is the only place to get decent take-away like pizzas & that, since Speedy Peppers has gone to shit recently in my opinion. Head away from the Stump, in the direction of the Assembly Rooms [away from the shopping precinct]. When you get to the road bridge, cross over the road, so The White Hart Hotel is on your right. Go round the corner, past the Moon Under The Water pub & Boston Kebab House is on your left.

Kathmandu, West Street a sort of new age, hippy type affair. I guess they have these kinds of shops in every town, but it's worth checking out. Head towards the road bridge, but don't bear left towards the Kebab house. Head down Emery Lane, past Cash Generator. Head to the bottom of this narrow lane & pretty much opposite is Kathmandu.

Taste of Bombay & Star of India, West Street, are opposite each other & are pretty much the only curry houses in the town. Luckily, they are both good. So either way, you're a winner. Anyways, head towards Kathmandu & turn right. Head past the cinema & keep walking. When you get to Pizza Hut, keep walking & they are just a little further on.

I guess that's pretty much it. If you come here & find anything else, be sure to let me know! (D)

AND HERE'S WHAT THESE FOLKS THINK ...

The Indian Queen has something of a reputation nowadays as a top Punk venue for local, national and international bands to visit and Punk away to their hearts content. It's being a place where many local youngsters have discovered the wonderful world of the DIY Punk scene and long lasting friendships have been forged. It's also been a place where more, shall we say, "seasoned" campaigners have spent many a fun filled evening to the extent where they ask to come back. We put out an open question out to people to tell us about their experiences, first gig, anecdotes, feelings or whatever else about this wonderful hostelry, and here be the results ...

MARV (THE VARUKERS)

Despite being named after a Bollywood drag artist, in a village named after somewhere in America, and having to overcome the fact that most of it's clientele have webbed fucking feet, the IQ is a fucking blast ... I think Luke (when he was a skinner!!!) asked to play one Saturday night pissed up at the Old Angel (named after an ageing drag artist btw) ... in spite of my severe trepidations, JD had been on the razz there a few weeks prior to the invite and had the time of his life down there. "Fook me lad, there worra Skinhead with proper Lamb Chops, ain't seen one of them in ages" ... What I love about the IQ isn't the fact that both times we've played there the kids have gone mental, diving off the mantlepieces into pint pots and ashtrays, not the fact that it's in a town you'd think you'd normally get a right spanking for having spiky hair, nor the fact that Luke's folks ensure you get a reet good drink-up after you play, but the fact that the type of filthy punk it purveys and peddles is the real, fucking HARDCORE type. I don't mean Hatebreed/Agnostic Front hardcore, I mean hard fucking core, life threatening, real, down to the bone-no bullshit packaged faddy shite punk rock. Fuck me, every shit-hot band that comes over here gets a mid-weeker at the IQ and usually marks it down better than the "showcase/BIG" weekend show in London. Every fucking band I've met who got to play there loved it, for all the reasons we fucking love it ... it's bastard fucking bonkers!!!!!! So, this leaves me with only two questions ... 1) How come you cunts haven't asked us back there? and 2)What the fuck stupid kind of cuntwit name is Marvin for fuckssakes ...?

ANDY SANDALL (VEHICLE DEREK)

Well, the Stupids were of course the band we all copied and the absolute biggest band in the country in the late 80s for our kind of music. When the Stupids split Ed -who was their bassist then guitarist during the height of their success - was still in contact with Estelle, and told her about his new band, Sink. She persuaded them to come up to Boston to play, and they must have played at the IQ 4 or 5 times on various tours. What was more important was that *they* really gave our gigs some real credibility, and they used to talk about how great Boston was in lots of zine interviews, so that made other bands get in touch with us to put their gigs on, as well as putting us in contact with lots of other bands. The back cover of their second single is a picture of them playing at the IQ, for instance ... Alex Newport out of Nailbomb and originally

Fudge Tunnel, played the IQ several times and brought Vehicle Derek up to play with them a few more times ... on their first album on Earache (Hate Songs In E Minor, which famously got confiscated by the Police due to it's cover art and had to be re-released) they feature a song called 'Boston Baby' which is all about a gig they played at the IQ where a girl was dancing furiously and suddenly fell very sick - if I remember rightly she was rushed off to Pilgrim Hospital and found to have had a miscarriage, and the story got back to them. They also put a live version of it on their posthumous 'Greatest Hits' album, so it was a song in their live set for a long time.

LUKE SIMS (SLUTPUMPKIN, BURNING THE PROSPECT, RIGHT TO REFUSE RECORDS etc)

I was about 15 at the time and I was walking through town after school one Wednesday with my friend George. We walked down Dolphin Lane and saw a flier in the Indian Queen window advertising a gig upstairs on the Saturday night. We looked at each other and thought it would be a good idea to check it out. George's mam was kind enough to take us into town and we made our way upstairs, we got there a bit early so grabbed a fizzy pop and had a seat. Then from what seemed like nowhere there was an ungodly feedback coming from the stage and Urko started playing, it was incredible, prior to that night the heaviest thing I'd seen was No-asis or Ironically Maiden at the Axe yet here I was now listening to the fastest, harshest noise I had ever heard, I was instantly hooked and they blew me away. Next up were Kismet HC, Again I'd never heard anything like it, but this time I was not so keen ... Male/Female dual vocals kind of anarcho punk, it was just a bloody racket to my young fresh ears, mind you I was probably still partially deaf at this point from Urko beforehand. A few panda pops later and Phobia took to the stage. I had never heard of these before, but I remember looking at them and quivering with fear, they looked like rabid Levellers fans with a lust for blood, they couldn't have been further from the tree-dwelling fiddle-playing hippies! They started with shit loads of feedback, dark brooding samples and blasted through the first song of unadulterated grind, this was even faster than Urko, I was in heaven! It was unrelenting and I felt as if I had been violated ... shortly after the fourth or fifth song my mam called me ... it was time to go home so I missed the rest of Phobias set. But there was another gig next week and at least I had that to look forward to.

PAUL (INITONIT ZINE)

I was 16 when I first ventured into the upstairs room of the Indian Queen. Which would make it about 1988. I don't think the upstairs room has changed al that much - the stage is slightly bigger now, and the posters/flyers have been added. My mates grind band were propping up a four band bill - can't remember their name - but their awful performance was the only gig they ever did - one of their songs was called Sid James Is Dead - and he was (and still is). But Napalm Death had just released Scum, Carcass were starting out and O.L.D and Bolt Thrower were all doing good things - this was the golden age of grindcore baby - unfortunately this band weren't very good at it. Second on the bill were a band of skinheads I hadn't heard of at the time. They were (and still are) called Snuff. I remember being well impressed by their shouty hardcore and comedy covers (I think We're Alone Now and In Sickness and in Health) and I bought the Not Listening EP soon afterwards. The next time I saw them play was on the second stage at Reading Festival years later - there were a few more people there that time.

Local legends VDSM (Vehicle Derek and the Swedish Masseurs) were up next. I remember liking them lots too - and I still have their split 7" with Goober Patrol - released by Aston (now of Boss Tuneage). They had a good sense of fun too - the singer jumped about lots - and (dunno if it was this gig) once when I saw them, Del, the singer ate his packed lunch on stage! I can't remember a thing about the headliners - Mega City Four. I liked them for that gig, but when I heard them again on a Sounds EP and on (late night ITV show) Transmission I wasn't so impressed. I did see them on the main stage at Reading Festival and I thought they were OK. I can split my IQ memories into three eras - that one (the first), which also included seeing Senseless Things, Sink (ex-Stupids singer) and F.U.A.L (a Warzone band from Northern Ireland, it means Freedom Under Animal Liberation). Fudge Tunnel and Drive were two of the big names I missed though (I did see Fudge Tunnel supporting Sepultura at Rock City a couple of years later though) Much of this era was built around Boston College. All the people in bands went to college (including Aston, and Lee Winter - the drummer in one of the bands), and several people in the 'scene' were straight edge, as that movement was very popular at the time. My 'second era' came a couple of years later. I did my GCSE retakes at college, and then did two years of A-levels and the first year of my degree there - so I was around longer than most. And as those from the 'first era' left, the 'new breed' started putting on gigs. I 'sang' with three bands at the IQ. The first was for a college benefit gig - we were called Big Jesus Trashcan (named after a Birthday Party song). We just made noise, didn't rehearse and I just rolled around the floor screaming and grunting into the mike - I blew the PA, fucking things up for the other bands (and pissing off the bloke they hired it from). The band played one more gig - but they didn't ask me to sing with them for that one (wonder why?) I then teamed up with a Canadian friend, Neil, who also drummed for a covers band who played lots of IQ gigs (and one in Nottingham with Lemonade Raygun). Neil played guitar and I sung. A raw as fuck duo in other words! We nearly emptied the room for our first gig. We played the IQ two or three times, and also did a gig at Pilgrim Hospital and one in Sleaford. One of the IQ gigs saw me rolling around the floor as usual during the first song. I jumped up quickly and head butted the edge of the wooden stage. I managed to finish the set with blood pouring down my face before being whisked off to hospital to get three stitches just above my eye (I still have the scar if you look closely). One person said she thought it was part of the act and I'd done it on purpose, and one thought it was make-up! My girlfriend of the time dumped me that night too - the words salt and wound spring to mind. The third band I played the IQ with was a one-off 'guest appearance'. Rabid Sheep were a metal covers band - I got up and did Anthrax's version of Got The Time with them. Somebody in the crowd whinged at me later because when I'd jumped off the stage I knocked his beer out of his hand. (fuck knows how he'd survive these

days). By now I was living in Leicester and travelling to gigs by trains. Soon I got engaged (that didn't last either!) and stopped going to Boston. Marv had already been putting gigs on for ages by the time my "third era" arrived. I'd moved back to Lincolnshire and was working at Lincolnshire Standard (then based at Redstone Industrial Estate). I hated driving, so didn't really venture into Boston (other than to work) very often. Fux (I think that's their name) was my first gig back - either that or WORM, Urko and Violet Ultra (friends of mine, so I went along with them). There were about four people at the Fux gig - but the guitarist still set fire to his guitar, I'd gone along with Marco. I haven't looked back since then - Tragedy, John Holmes, Eastfield, Disco Volante, Brezhnev, Poundaflesh, Varukers, Drongos For Europe, Doom, Vitamin X, Seein Red and See You In Hell are among my fave gigs - but there's room for many more to be added to the list!

COOKIE (ITCHY BUM ZINE AND PROMOTER)

I'd always been "into" music. Especially noise-y stuff. But outside of the "big gigs", I never really knew that there was a world inside one tiny venue. I was happy enough to carry on going to grotty little gigs like Pantera at Rock City and the likes, but then, what else was there? All the cool underground gigs were down in London and the other cities like Manchester, Sheffield and so on. As much as I loved Stampin' Ground, Knuckledust, Medulla Nocte, Charger, Iron Monkey... I was buggered if I was going to traipse all the way to those gigs on my own. So, re-kindling an old hobby of mine, I set about trying to put "my area" to rights. Surely there were other punks around here? Fanzines! Bloody hell, I'd been writing zines for years. That'd be the answer. I'd already written such zines as "Clubbing Baby Seals", "Old People Smell Bad" and "Jesus Built My Talbot Samba", so, it's not like I was a fanzine virgin. I quickly spat out a first issue of my "new" zine, Itchy Bum, not really realising what it would lead to. A few old faces began sending me stuff for review and I started sniffing around pubs and that, looking for gigs. Nowt. Not a sausage. So, I chucked out another issue of the stupidly-named fanzine and that's when I got a letter out of the blue. Some bloke called Marv who sent me a copy of his zine, Gadgie. A Middlesboro fan who is in love with Debbie Harry and worships Planet Of The Apes. Sounds a stable chap. We made contact and arranged to meet and thereafter, a hideous monster was born. He asked me if I knew any bands I'd like to see play at the venue in which we were drinking. Thinking back to my association with the UKHC scene, as it was then, I said sure. My zine previous to Itchy Bum saw me make friends with many bands that often played around London, but never, to my knowledge, had a chance to play grotty towns up North. A few more Itchy Bums came out - ooer - but it wasn't long till Itchy Bum presented it's first gig. Talk about baptism of fire! I started with what I thought would be a great gig. And, with no false modesty, it was one of my favourite gigs of all time. The first Itchy Bum gig saw Lifegrind open the proceedings. Urko laid damage to what was left. Knuckledust played a stormer next. Stampin' Ground finished everyone off. Not a bad line up, that. The place was packed. It was a shoulder-to-shoulder gig. Some girls were fainting, some young lads left the venue bleeding. It was a good gig. Itchy Bum started to pick up some momentum and, never really losing site of the music side of things (I'll review anything. If it's shit, I'll say so), I decided that being stupid and not taking myself seriously was far more important. That's when Itchy Bum began growing. Sure, it didn't come out as often, but it made excellent toilet reading once you had a copy. (Isn't that what fanzines are for?) Somehow, a reviewer for Fracture made it fanzine of the year and even Metal Hammer got in on the act and made it Fanzine Of The Month. Oooh, get me. I was offered to do demo reviews for Metal Hammer, to which I duly obliged. I pretty much slated everything (it was all shit) apart from Los Cunos Electricas, which resulted in a couple of record labels ringing them up. Jas Toomer sign for Music For Nations? It couldn't be!!! However, the same labels heard the tape and, realising that neither Urko nor LCE would compete with whichever flavour of the month metal band was doing the rounds at the time, they hastily dropped the idea like a hot turd. Mind you, the hate mail I had from the bands I slagged off was funny. I had all of them framed and hung them on my wall. Arf arf. Somewhere along the line, Shatterhand came onto the radar. They quickly became our resident-but-not Scottish drinking machines and it was always a happy event when Itchy Bum brought Shatterhand back. Freebase teamed up with Charger one night and pretty much destroyed the upstairs at the IQ. That was another good gig. And, while I've got the attention of some of you, I'd just like to make special mention to Jas Toomer. I was lucky enough to know Jas whilst he was still with us and, well, pretty much confirm every story you've heard about him. Yes - he was funny. Yes - he was daft. Yes - he *did* look like Penfold from the Dangermouse cartoons. But it's also the way he went about doing stuff, too. Nothing was ever too much trouble for him. One night, after an Itchy Bum gig, I had £20 left over from paying the travelling bands. It didn't come to blows or shouting, but Jas absolutely steadfastly refused to accept any money. He insisted I gave it to the travelling bands, but they refused too. In then end, I think I had to give it to Craig or Lee - I can't remember which - in order to keep Jas sweet in the knowledge that *he* hadn't got paid. The bloke summed up what DIY punk was about and it was great to have known him. Itchy Bum continued up to about 15 issues, where upon I got bored with it. Well, not so much bored, just, had more important stuff to do. There are plenty of Itchy Bums left in me, as, childish and bizarre anecdotes are something I have in abundance. Remind me to tell you about the time I gave my mate a Heimlich manoeuvre whilst we were naked. It ended up a bit ... "misunderstood". Thankfully, at around the time Itchy Bum started to find less time to do it's stuff, the "third generation" (as I like to call it) arrived on the scene. Skutpumpkin and the whole following re-ignited what was becoming a bit tired. And so, with Marv still telling us stories about running away from bullies in Guisborough in his zine Gadgie, and one or two other zines appearing, I thought it best to put the Itch to rest. I'd like to believe that, along with Urko/Los Cunos, Gadgie/Marv and Piss Tank Twat, Itchy Bum helped the Indian Queen sail into a second generation. Bands like Benny, and the very beginnings of life at the Indian Queen started it all (ask Andy Sandall - he'll tell you about it), but to be a part of a tradition that has spanned

well over 10 years now, makes me feel like I've contributed to something that actually means something. Itchy Bum is ready to go again at any time. I've plenty of tales to share, and if truth be known those of you who read Itchy Bum never read it for the music, did you? You read it because it was childish, puerile, juvenile, stupid and a complete no-brainer of a zine. A true reflection of it's author. But if it does re-appear one day, it will only re-appear again as a split. The thing is, some zines are TOO SCARED to split with it. Eh? What's that? You're not? Bah - contact me and we'll talk. Keep scratching.

RODDY (PLOPPY PANTS ZINE, ATOMGEVITTER)

The first time I visited the IQ was with the Edinburgh crust crew to see Avskum + Flyblown play, to be honest I got so drunk on the journey down all I really remember was thinking Bickles Cab were called Bicycle Cab, standing with my head in the PA speaker during Flyblown and waking up in Edinburgh at 8am with the hangover from hell after we drove home, nice. Since I can remember virtually nothing from my first visit I suppose my second visit was really my first. This time I was down with my band Atomgevitter, I had a purpose! The day we played was the day the old pope died so being the respectful christian boy that I am, I decided to dress up as the pope and commemorate his life through the medium of music. Unfortunately being on tour meant that my costume was not to Blue Peter standards and a flowery curtain had to do as my papal robes and an empty cardboard Tennants lager case with a duct tape cross had to suffice as my holy hat. Needless to say in the ensuing Indian Queen chaos I was stripped to my yellowing Y-Fronts in no time and being held aloft the crowd with the plastic head that sits on the bar down my aforementioned undercrackers! I remember that the night also finished with us bunking down in the IQ pool room and Tea Bags and Albi from Filthpact shared the same sleeping bag. Unfortunately for Albi, T-bags pissed himself in the night, nice! I've been back to the IQ 5 or 6 times since this but nothing has really reached the chaos of that 'first' time although its always great to see what the latest move the kids have for the dance floor or listen to the latest local d-beat cacophany, long may the chaos continue!

TONY (SUSPECT DEVICE ZINE, PILGER)

Boston is a strange place, somewhat scary to outsiders; luckily every time I've been there was with Pilger, and we had Boston native, and local celebrity Kevin Borrett in the band, someone to show us the ropes and protect us from the craziness. Although even Kev seemed almost proud of the damaged tarmac that showed where two police cars had been set on fire; and he did once leave the rest of us in a Boston park. Anyway, as we approach the town for the first time, Kev would regale us with tales from his youth, stories that involved cabbages, onions and lost metal fans; this helped to settle us down after the horror of seeing signs by the side of the road saying things like "57 people have died on these roads this month; You're next!" The first time Pilger went to Boston, we arrived in the town centre parked up and followed Kev down a narrow ally way to a small pub, it was empty, everyone had gone to the home of Marv, the local mayor; so we dumped equipment and went off to Kev's mum's house to dump our bags. Kev's mum is a very nice lady, but did seem surprised to see that the vegetarians in the band did actually have the strength to make it into the house, but wouldn't be wanting any of the pork pies she'd kindly put out for us. I don't exactly remember but I expect tea was made and enjoyed before we made our way to the Marv mayoral mansion where we found the garden packed with punk rockers of various nationalities, including our own singer who'd made his own way there and looked slightly the worse for wear; the sun and alcohol seemed to have turned him into a vacant lot. Of course you all know that Marv is a larger than life character, a punk rock PE teacher with a booming voice and a hundred and one look-alikes (For a while I thought he looked just like North East comedian Ross Noble, until I came to realise that he is actually Ross Noble). But that aside, I like Marv, he's a good man, he's funny and friendly and we share a love for Italian football. I am happy to talk calcIo with him, however I am also quite shy, so when he bounds into a full room and shouts "Alright Tony, who's going to win Serie A this season?" I start feel a little intimidated when all eyes fall upon me and everything I know about Italian footer flies out of my head, so the usual response tends to be "er, Roma." Who, as my favourite Italian team end up being the only thing I can remember about that country and its football; so I end up looking and sounding quite the fool. The IQ is a great place to play, some of the most fun Pilger gigs were at the IQ, it's never dull and you always get a response, one way or another. I have some good and funny memories from the four times we played there, and saw things I never saw at any other venue anywhere else in the country; some of them made the crowd surfing sofa at Southampton's King Alf seem like a normal, every day occurrence. People wouldn't stage dive, they'd dive off the speaker brackets high up on the wall, or dive headlong across tables. You'd finish a song thinking the whole band had played exceptionally well to be met with a loud shout of "Not bad!" or "Do another like that one, but better." You'd also get requests for Stryper songs. I don't really remember the individual gigs as much as I remember the some of the incidents that occurred when we played. Anyone who saw Pilger will know that Phil liked to mingle with the audience, and he did quite enjoy being picked up while he sung, so he seemed quite relaxed as the Bostonians lifted him above their heads, however this time they dropped him, not on purpose you understand, it was just that as they moved he over balanced and fell to the floor. We're playing away and I can see Phil laying there motionless and I'm thinking "shit, he's not moving, should we stop playing?" Then his head moves slowly towards the microphone that is also lying on the floor, and he makes a single unintelligible sound, no more than a grunt, but it's enough for me to think "Oh, he's ok, let's carry on." It may have been the same gig that another painful accident happened to Phil; he was catching his breath, mid song, hunched over facing me as I play; the happy Boston punks are bopping away behind him and someone bumps into him and his mouth hits a breeze block that's in front of the drum kit; "Ouch" is all he said. Another night, after a late start, we'd finished our set and had to get off the stage quickly so the next band could get set up and play; Mike and Kev were packing away their guitars and I was furiously trying to get my cymbals, pedals and snare packed away as quick as I could. Phil was sat on the stage catching his breath, but doing

little else.. Chris from Peter Bower Records came up to him and asked if we'd want to do a record on his label. Now this is a very nice thing for someone to ask you, a small DIY label wants to put your record out, the answer is pretty much always going to be "Yes, that would be great, thanks for asking." But this question seemed to confuse Phil so panicking he turned, pointed to me and said "Ask him!" I was still packing up when Chris came over; he asked me the same thing and I said "Yes, that would be great, thanks for asking." It wasn't all Phil though, Kev had his moments; back on home turf and seemingly lost in the moment as a big human pyramid was constructed while we played, he moved towards this pile of bodies and I'm not sure if he was trying to knock it down or steady it, but he backed in and the bodies started to tumble. He said later that he felt his spine crack. The last time we played there we ended up playing last for some reason; I don't remember why, but as usual playing was a lot of fun; the Bostonians had danced and had gotten up to their usual shenanigans, but this time they wouldn't let us stop. Russ Substance was dancing around with them and led by him they called for old Pilger songs, a couple of which we could remember well enough to play, but still they weren't satisfied. Now usually we get to the end of our set and we're done, that's as it should be, only vary rarely did we play an extra song; but after two (or was it four?) they still wanted more. This wasn't in a fan club "we love you play more of your hits for us" kind of way, this was "We're having a bloody good time dancing around; don't spoil our night by stopping." I think we'd probably already played our Kid Dynamite cover, our Housemartins cover and probably even our Flux Of Pink Indians cover. The only thing left was "Young 'til I Die"; we didn't normally play this song and never practised it, but Phil knew it, I knew it and Mike kind of knew it, but Kev didn't know it at all. There didn't seem to be any option so we played it with Kev watching Mike's hands to see what he was playing. We did it like 7 Seconds, but with the Battery style ending, but we had to keep going, they wouldn't let us stop, not even 7 Seconds have played "Young 'til I Die" for as long. Finally, after what seemed like 15 minutes, with kids dancing with arms round each other's shoulders, chanting "I'm gonna be young 'til I die" over and over, we finished; everyone looked happy and sweaty, including us, but we could play no more. Then one guy approached the stage, stood right in front of us, folded his arms and said "Is that it?" The IQ is one of the best places to play in the whole country, and there's a sign above the door that says "Play fast or play somewhere else." I like that and I hope Screwed Up Flyer can go and play there very soon.

LUKE B (WATERINTOBEER ZINE, MC POSITIVE BASTARD)

MC Positive Bastard felt so positive about the scene at the IQ that he penned a little ditty about it - and performed it in Boston a couple of times as well! Enjoy! (P)

Orite, MC Positive Bastard, We're crazy in Boston right now!

After reading in Gadgie, about the punk-rock scene
I braved a solo voyage to the Indian Queen
And nothing could prepare me, for what happened next
It was full of crazy punks all showing respect
For the bands they love and giving their all
Doing circle pits like crazy and jumping off walls!

So I went into the pit as part of my tour
And I fell straight over onto the floor
And suddenly I was covered by loads of bodies
A pile on ensued and no-one was sorry
Do you think I was bothered that I took a knock? (No)
It was all good fun for the love of punk-rock!

We're crazy in Boston right now
We're crazy in Boston right now
We're crazy in Boston right now
We're crazy in Boston right now

I was tired of trying to start a band
So I gave myself a helping hand
A drunken gig at Xmas, I started to rap
To House of Pain and I never looked back
It was Uncle Sned who gave me this chance
To run my mouth on stage and join the dance

In Punk we know how to really have fun
These words are my weapons, I don't need a gun
From walls of death, to zombie dancing
I don't need good vocals to show you my rapping
Human pyramids show how we raise the roof
These rhymes go to you, we're all positive youth!

We're crazy in Boston right now
We're crazy in Boston right now
We're crazy in Boston right now
We're crazy in Boston right now

Once upon a time down at Josephs Well
Some stupid arsehole was giving us hell
Coz we were dancing around and having good craic
So I said "Cheer up or go stand at the back"
This stupid poseur I really took pity
With a slogan on his t-shirt saying fuck authority!

At the trendy clubs there aint much happening
Just lots of head bobs and stupid hand clapping
When we start to dance they eye us like freaks
For enjoying ourselves to these punk-rock beats
While we like to mosh and tear it up
They just wanna talk about their latest haircuts!

We're crazy in Boston right now
We're crazy in Boston right now
We're crazy in Boston right now
We're crazy in Boston right now

Everyday I ponder the troubles of the world
It's heavy on my shoulders so I think about girls
About kissing fresh pussy and getting some head
Just say the magic words and I'll take you to bed
Global revolution it's such a pile of shite
Coz everyday I wake up to continue the fight
Against prejudice and suppressing my fears
This world seems rosy when I drink a few beers
I try and make a difference whenever I can
Growing wiser everyday and making some plans

This world is full of fools who are too content
With a superficial lifestyle, is it money well spent?
I keep on thinking with a positive approach
Trying to see the good and willing to coach
Find strength in others, stay strong and be free
Look after each other, we are family

We're crazy in Boston right now
We're crazy in Boston right now

PO BOX 93

Hey Marv,
Read the Gadgie/Ripping Thrash split - very good. Reminded me a lot of the sort of stuff Jas used to write in his letters and stuff. Sparked off loads of memories too, especially about my paper round. I only delivered Evening papers and Sunday mornings. Couldn't cope with getting up every morning to do the dailies. We got £1.50 a week. It was the very early '80's. Anyway, got fed up with £1.50 and wanted more so I sorted out the other lads and organised a strike. Gave the shop owner the demand - there was only one: we wanted a pay rise. Told her that we wanted it by a particular payday (always a Friday) and we'd go on strike if we didn't get it. Come that Friday, we all went to the shop together in nervous anticipation of what might happen. Normally we got paid straight cash in the hand, but on this occasion she gave us that weeks wages in an envelope and told us that we had got a rise. Glorious in victory, thanking her warmly, and apologising for having to take it this far we left the shop and opened the envelope to find that the rise was 30p !! Too late to go back. Bollocks. Still, a rise was a rise. On a Wednesday it was half day closing. (What the fuck was half day closing all about? On a Wednesday afternoon everything shut. Everything. It was like the whole world came to a fucking standstill!!) So all the papers for Wednesday were put in a shed around the side of the shop. There was a girl who lived two doors away. We'll call her Susan. She was two years older and an absolute Goddess. If we could get to the shed early enough and she was in a good mood we would have a quick snog and a feel up. The most fantastic breasts in the history of breastdom. Even now when I see her I still go weak at the knees. I loved half day closing...
Bob, Corby

Marv,
Here's one for your "the things people say" column. Punky at my work was telling myself and a colleague about his favourite artist he saw when in Australia on holiday. Not being able to recall his name he told us his origins "he was half Irish, half aboriginal and half Australian"!! Needless to say we pissed ourselves and spent the rest of the week saying it to anyone that would listen. Also from said Punky in same week. Our work is a co-operative and therefore the embodiment of democracy, one member one vote and all of us are equal etc. Trying to express this non-hierarchical system to a customer who was asking to speak to the manager (there isn't one) he said, "it's a co-operative, none of us make decisions" How we laughed! He comes up with one a week at least, basically cos he talks so much he forgets what the hell he is on about.
Graham, Bristol

Just in ... as always when you just about finish a zine ...

DESTRUCTORS 666/DIRTY LOVE - SPLIT CD

Yet another DESTRUCTORS 666 split CD! DIRTY LOVE are invited on board this time and bring three rowdy Rocking Punk N' Roll numbers to the party. Not so much THE AVENGERS this time around, more of a laid back feel on this trio of tunes. They've slimmed down to a four piece and are not quite as beefy soundy as their previous stuff. Still love the vocals mind. DESTRUCTORS 666 describe themselves as a Detroit Scuzz Rock outfit from erm, Peterborough but are more of a UK82 style not unlike say NERVOUS TENSION here. Stick to this style I reckon. It's what they do best as the awful "hidden track" proves. (M) ROWDY FARRAGO

FORMER CELL MATES - "WHO'S DEAD AND WHAT'S TO PAY?" CD

I just can't get in to this band at all. It seems the new thing to play dry and raspy rock that name checks the usual suspects: THIN LIZZY riffs, MOTORHEAD roar and LEATHERFACE melodies, but to be honest I can hear THERAPY? In the riffs here! Melodic rock with only the slightest nod to Punk - not my bag as the saying goes. Which is a nice way of saying I'm bored. (M) HOUSEHOLD NAME RECORDS

SCREWED UP FLIER - DEMO 2

Whey! Tony and co. are back with a second demo from their new post PILGER band. Mike of said previous incarnation is now on vocals and as with the review of the first demo - see earlier - it's top notch, machine gun Punk Rock. 7 SECONDS was always the easy/lazy comparison for PILGER but this new set of five tracks is less of the Youth Crew and more of a raucous early Dischord feel. They love the 80's those SouthCoast folk! (M)

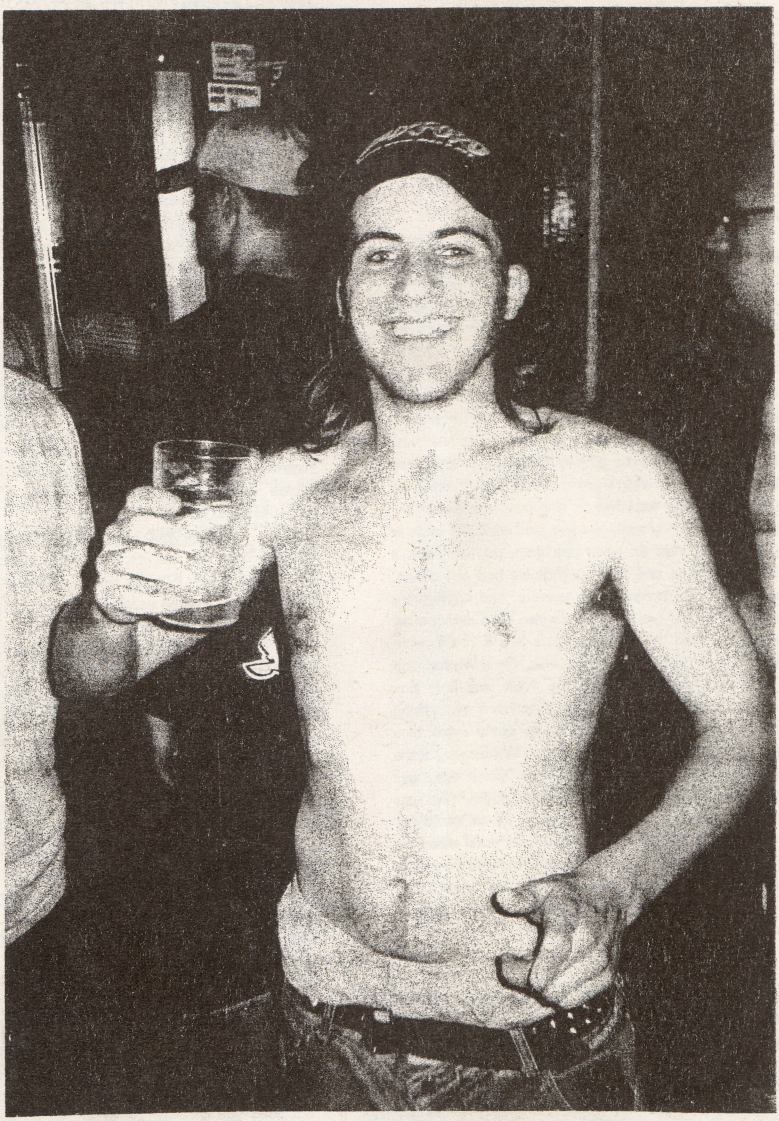
VARIOUS ARTISTS - "GANGSTA'S CORNER" CD

Poignant compilation of Norfolk/Suffolk bands in memory of a Dad and Son (Pete and Dug Dugdale) who are sadly no longer with us. Works as a scene compilation from Anglia as well - RED FLAG 77, VISUAL OFFENCE, VANILLA POD, FLETCH CADILLAC, VOLUNTEERS, COMPACT PUSSYCAT and more offer mainly unreleased tracks which is another incentive to buy this disc of Punk Rock goodies. (M)
GRATUITOUS BEAVER RECORDS, 25 SWANSEA ROAD, NORWICH, NR2 3HU, ENGLAND

TA RA DUCK

... thus ends the many in a bed romp that was THIS IS BOSTON NOT BOSTON. Normal service will be resumed next time and a new GADGIE is on the cards, plus hopefully my book will be published soon (ish). If you are looking for a collection of all my memoirs and anecdotes from the pages of GADGIE and elsewhere ... well, watch this space my friend. If you want a review of your record/zine/CD or whatever, then send away but please play either brutal, spirit crushing crust, wild and out of control thrash, insane LA style 80's punk, BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN or BLONDIE if you wanna good one. If you'd like to converse about Zombies, Italian football or Punk Rock you'll find me at **MARV, PO BOX 93, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE, PE21 7YB, ENGLAND**. If you wanna complain about anything get in touch with Cookie.
Marv GADGIE

OUR FRIEND



STEVE BEAMENT

1988 – 2007

R.I.P.

ROCK IN PEACE